*Jan. 25, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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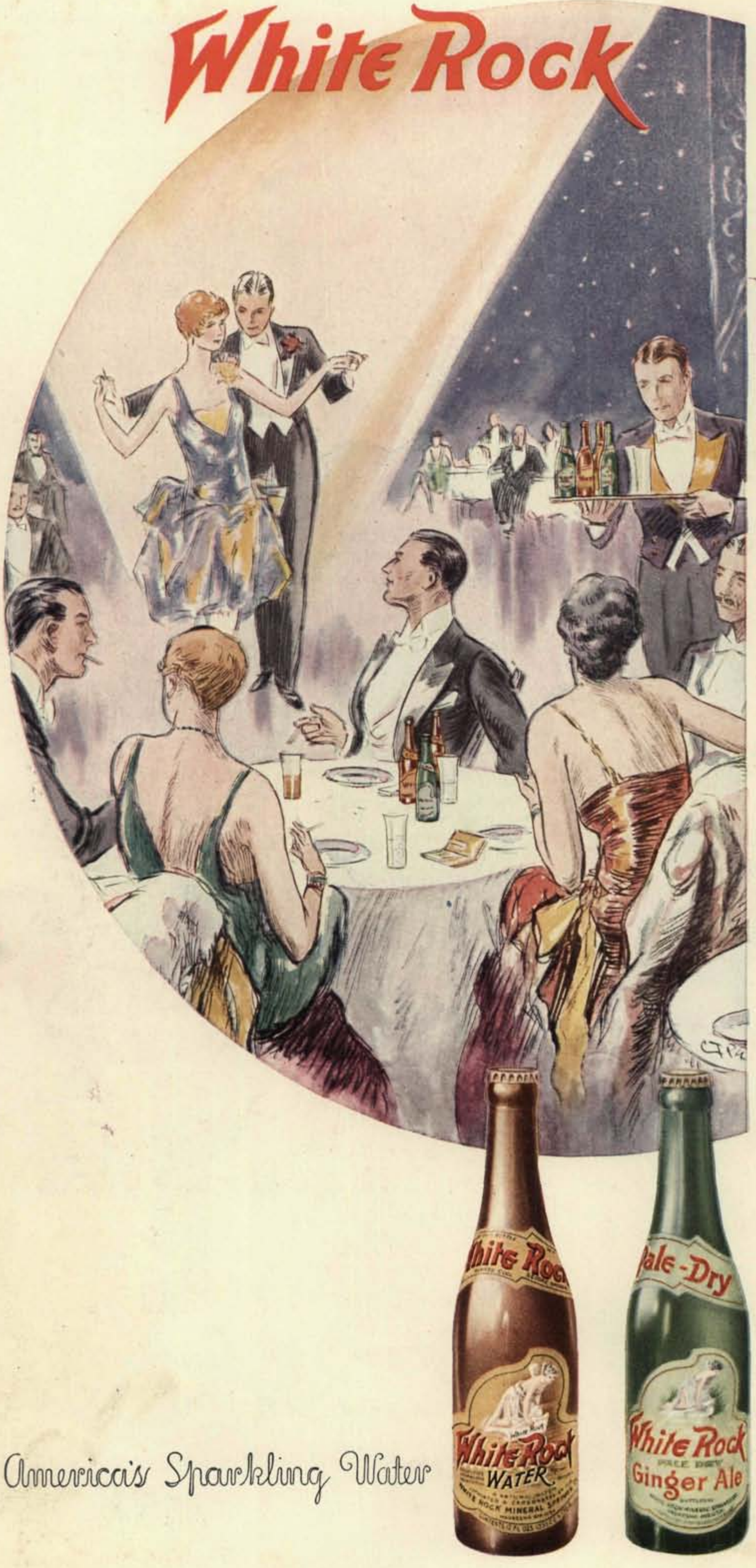
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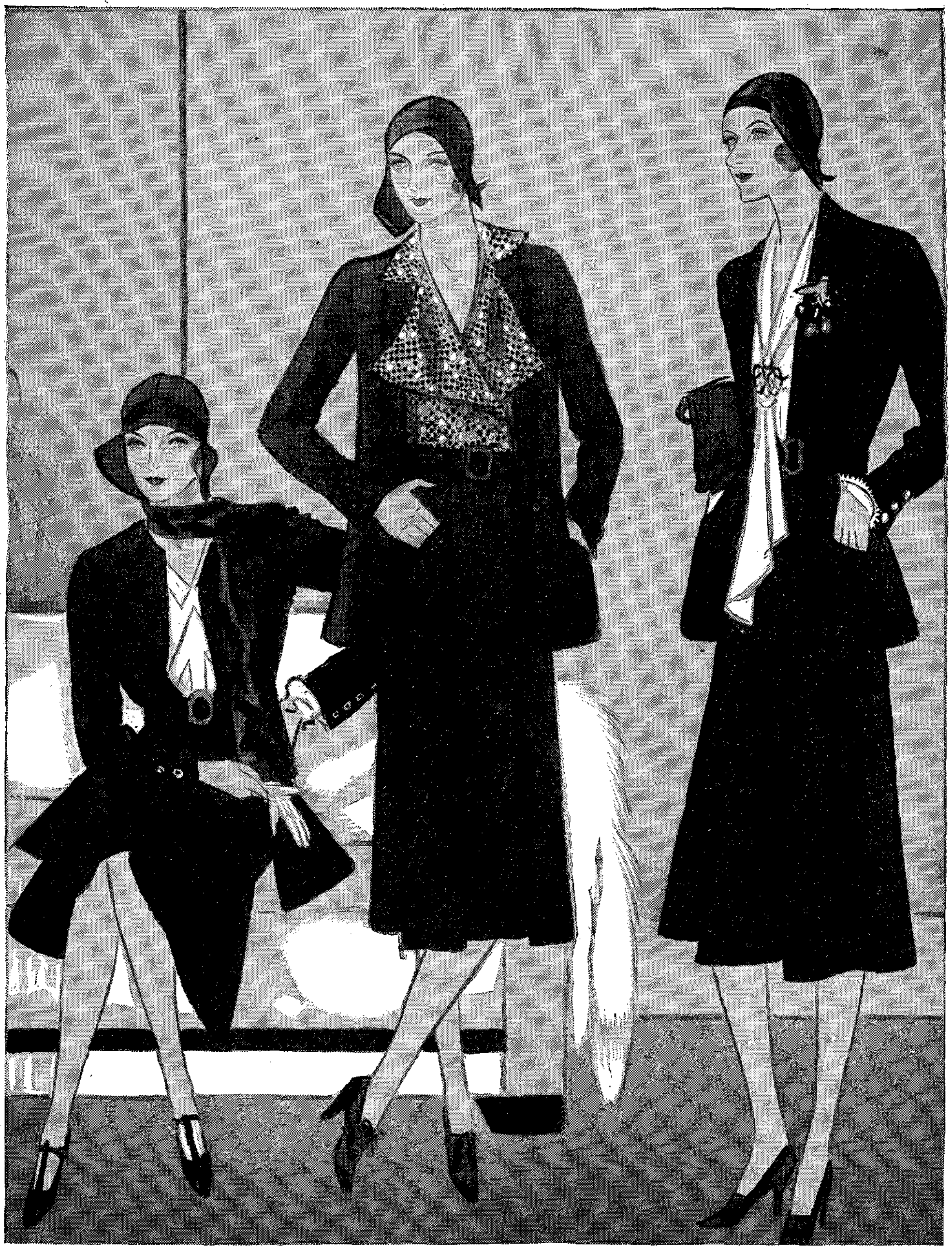

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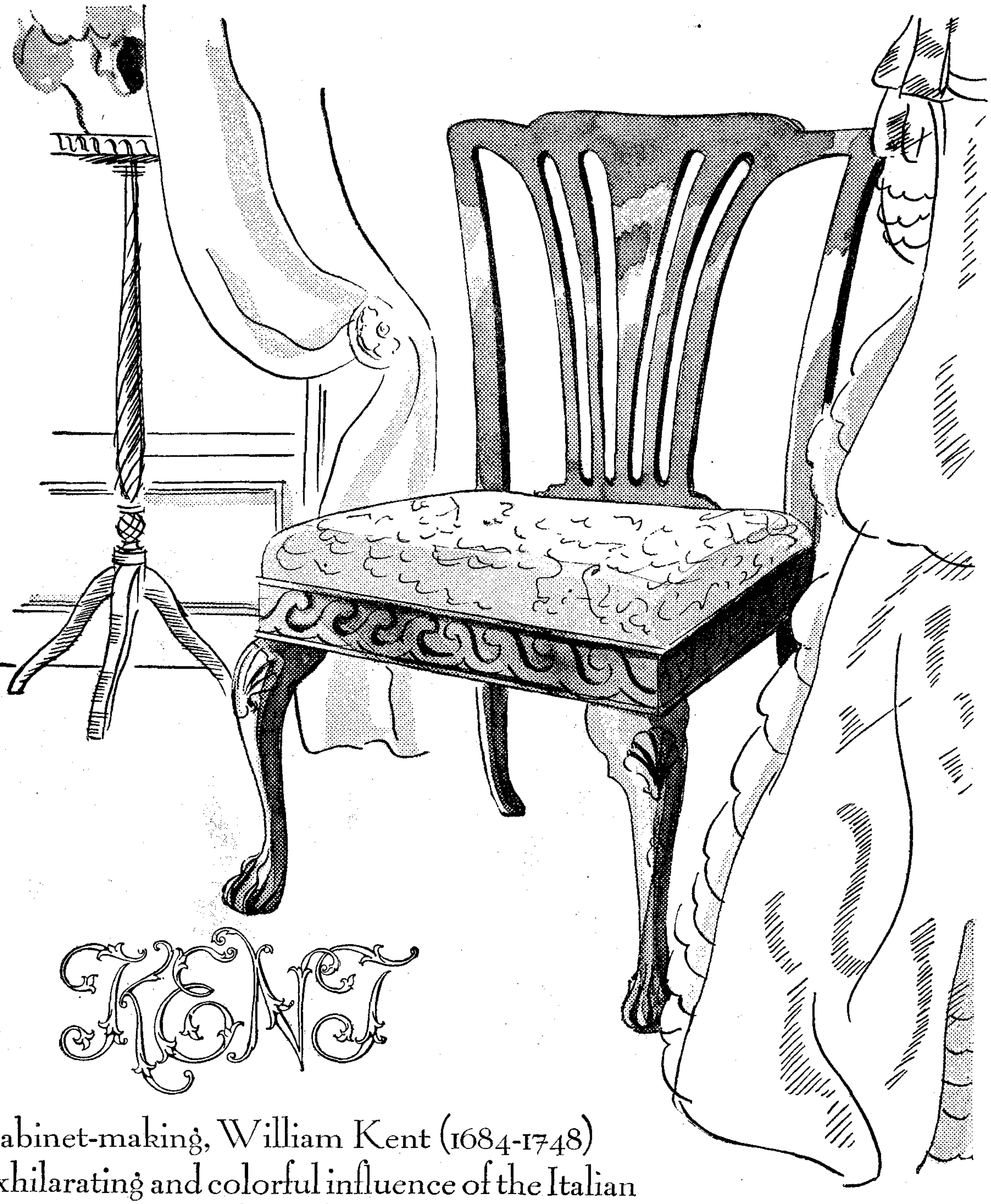

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The Sun

The Newspaper of Distinction in its Readers, its News and its Advertising

NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 49, January 25, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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LUGGAGE DEPARTMENT
FIFTH FLOOR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

At the Bottom—Gorki's "Lower Depths" with American slang which doesn't exactly help but doesn't hurt as much as you would think. (Waldorf, 50, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Berkeley Square—The London of George III through the eyes of a modern young man who plays ghost. A fine adventure in metaphysics which almost comes off. With Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Bird in Hand—Drinkwater's gently amusing comedy about an English inn and its occupants. (Forrest, 49, W.)

Broken Dishes—Donald Meek making the old part of the henpecked husband something fresh and touching. The play is fairly regulation, but it doesn't seem so. (Masque, 45, W.)

Children of Darkness—A good rousing comedy of life in Newgate Prison in 1725, written in a style which smacks of literacy on the part of the author, and acted splendidly by a cast headed by Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis. (Biltmore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Civic Repertory—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Would-Be-Gentleman," translated Molière. (Fri. Eve., Jan. 24.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Jan. 25 and Feb. 1.) . . . "The Cradle Song," smiles through the tears. (Sat. Eve., Jan. 25.) . . . "The Women Have Their Way," a comedy from the Spanish of the Quintero Brothers, preceded by Alfred Sutro's sketch, "The Open Door." (Mon. Eve., Jan. 27, première; Wed. and Sat. Eves., Jan. 29 and Feb. 1.) . . . "The Living Corpse," Jacob Ben-Ami in Tolstoi's play. (Tues. Eve., Jan. 28.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," Tchekov's exquisite play. (Thurs. Mat., Jan. 30.) . . . "The Sea Gull," more Tchekov, beautifully done. (Thurs. Eve., Jan. 30.) . . . "L'Invitation au Voyage," a study in repression. (Fri. Eve., Jan. 31.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

The Criminal Code—Arthur Byron giving one of his unfailing performances in a drama of prison life made vivid by Mr. Johnson's settings. (National, 41, W.)

Death Takes a Holiday—Philip Merivale as Death, who spends a weekend in mufti among people who don't know who he is. Effective without being very important. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

Everything's Jake!—Don Marquis' tale of an American bootlegger in Paris which has at least two delightful scenes. (Assembly, 39 E. 9 P.M. Mat. Tues. 3 P.M.)

The First Mrs. Fraser—Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith in St. John Ervine's entertaining treatment of the old story of the smart wife and the errant husband. (Playhouse, 48. E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

Inspector Kennedy—William Hodge, this time solving a murder mystery with great calmness. (Bijou, 45, W.)

It's a Wise Child—Sparkling and effective comedy of small-town life. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Journey's End—Strained nerves, comradeship, and death on the British front, set forth with compassion and complete understanding. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

June Moon—The kind of comedy you would expect from Ring Lardner and George Kaufman, which is to say the best on the market. This story of the General Electric boy who writes a song hit is absolutely top. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

Meteor—The Theatre Guild's first good play of the season, featuring Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne as the superman and his wife who come to a parting of the ways because of his supermanhood. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Michael and Mary—A highly satisfactory blending of A. A. Milne's more mature moods, involving a couple who might much better have told the truth to the police. Henry Hull and Edith Barrett head a good cast. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Salt Water—What you get if you happen to be Frank Craven and want to go to sea with only a ferryboat to go in. (Golden, 58, E.)

Street Scene—The portrait of a New York tenement in an exciting play that is now in its second year. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Strictly Dishonorable—Light comedy which might have been salacious if it weren't so nice and clean. The best of its class. (Avon, 45, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

Subway Express—Murder in the subway. Ingenious, and fun to watch. (Liberty, 42, W. Moves to Republic, 42, W., Mon., Jan. 27.)

Waterloo Bridge—June Walker and Glenn Hunter more or less breaking your heart in a tenderly written play about a London streetwalker during the war. (Fulton, 46, W.)

WITH MUSIC

Bitter Sweet—Noel Coward wrote the book, music, and lyrics, possibly to prove that he doesn't always have to be amusing. Miss Evelyn Laye takes very good care of the feminine-charm department. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

Earl Carroll's Sketch Book—Easily the best of Mr. Carroll's shows. Still a little off-color but very funny in spots. Will Mahoney, alone, is worth seeing. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Fifty Million Frenchmen—A fast-moving trip through the American shrines in Paris, filled in with Cole Porter's songs and plenty of gags. The cast includes William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and especially Helen Broderick. (Lyric 42, W.)

George White's Scandals—Not so good as last year's, but good enough. Willie and Eugene Howard, and Frances Williams are the mainstays. (Apollo, 42, W.)

Heads Up!—A musical comedy in modern dress. Plenty of laughs from Victor Moore, and a Rodgers-and-Hart score with Barbara Newberry, Betty Starbuck, and Jack Whiting to do it justice. (Alvin, 52, W.)

The Little Show—A gay, smart, intimate revue with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., Feb. 1.)

Sons o' Guns—The war in musical comedy and without offence. In fact, with a great deal of delight, especially through Jack Donahue. (Imperial, 45, W.)

Strike Up the Band—A musical comedy which is, believe it or not, genuinely satirical, with Bobby Clark at the top of his stride. Blanche Ring, Paul McCullough, and an excellent Gershwin score. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Sweet Adeline—Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and a Kern score are some of the reasons why this is such a hit. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

Top Speed—Nothing revolutionary in musical comedy, but all right in its way. With Lester Allen, Irene Delroy, and Paul Frawley. (46th Street, 46, W.)

Wake Up and Dream—A very British revue which has no particular high spots but a very high average. Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, and Tilly Losch are in it. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

A Wonderful Night—Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" score making all other Viennese attempts sound like nothing at all. (Majestic, 44, W.)

●

Ruth Draper—A one-woman show that is a full evening's entertainment. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve., except Mon. and Thurs. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2:30 P.M.)

Vaudeville—Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, and Odette Myrtil are at the Palace Fri., Jan. 24. Irene Bordoni and Lina Basquette will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Jan. 25. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47; 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

Tatterman Marionettes—"Pan Pipes and Donkeys' Ears" and "The Melon Thief:" Every Eve. at 9, starting Sat. Eve., Jan. 25. Special matinées for children: "The King of the Golden River:" Sat. Afts., Jan. 25 and Feb. 1, at 2:45. (Macdougal Street Playhouse, 133 Macdougal.)

For Children—Major Dawley's Marionettes in "Aladdin," Sat., Jan. 25, at 1 P.M. (Assembly, 39, E.) . . . The Juvenile Players in "The Land of Oz," Sat. Aft., Feb. 1. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104. 2:30 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

The Chocolate Soldier—Revival of Oscar Straus' operetta. Opens Mon., Jan. 27. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Recapture—A new play by Preston Sturges. Opens Mon., Jan. 27. (Eltinge, 42, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Sari—Emmerich Kalman's operetta, with Mitzi Hajos. Opens Tues., Jan. 28. (Liberty, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

Josef Suss—Ashley Dukes' dramatization of Lion Feuchtwanger's book, "Power," with Maurice Moscovitch. (Erlanger, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

DANCE RECITALS

Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi—The two brilliant young German dancers: Sun. and Tues. Eves. Jan. 26 and 28. (Craig, 54, E. 8:30 P.M.)

Margaret Severn—And her dance group: Sun. Eve., Jan. 26. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 8:45 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893)—Which has suddenly gone high-hat and very British, with Jack Buchanan and Jessie Matthews providing the entertainment. Must dress.

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's orchestra, with dances by Tina Meller, and Dave Fitzgibbon and Jean Barry. Must dress.

Club Lido, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by

(Continued on page 6)

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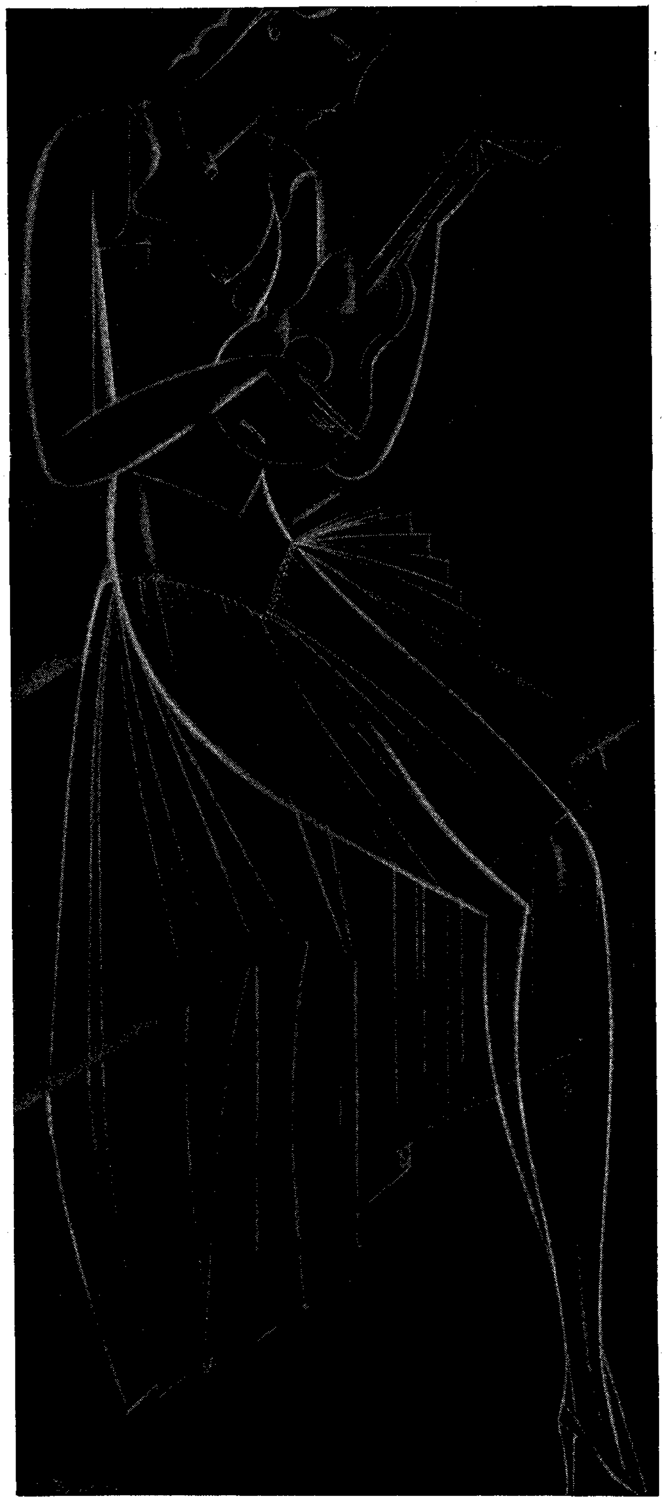
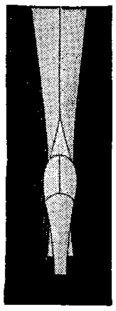
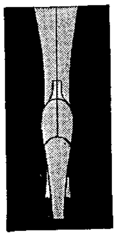




SLIPPER HEEL*



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(Continued from page 4)

Beatrice Lillie and the dancing of Moss and Fontana. Must dress.

Club Montmartre, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gay, civilized crowd. Dancing by Murphy and Johnson. Must dress.

Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Harry Richman, in person, and dances by Ann Pennington, and Medrano and Donna.*

Seaglade, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Marine decorations, Vincent Lopez music, and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

Villa Vallée, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's music.*

Broadway Atmosphere—We list only some of the more interesting places of this type—there are many others: Les Ambassadeurs, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, where Clayton, Jackson, and Durante cavort. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, with Florence of the old Chez Florence.

Greenwich Village—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusing new place, with music by the California Collegians. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is a gay and noisy meeting place which is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, features Sealtiel, the wizard. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

Russian Motif—Russiana, 216 W. 44, has an amusing show, with Kosloff of the old Katinka presiding. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is gay and attractive. . . . For seekers of the Bohemian: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

Note—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

Devil May Care—Ramon Novarro singing vigorously in a romantic tale of Napoleon's time. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

Disraeli—George Arliss as the great Premier, in a production of conspicuous distinction. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

General Crack—Only for the more loyal devotees of John Barrymore. An eighteenth-century costume piece. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

Hit the Deck—A fair musical show, with Jack Oakie's grin to help it along, and a first-rate rendering of the familiar "Hallelujah." (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

Hollywood Revue—A lavish and extensive musical show with a regiment of stars. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 25-27; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The Love Parade—Amusing nonsense, with numerous songs and Chevalier. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The Mighty—The trenches of the western front and the underworld of the Middle West both made interesting by George Bancroft. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M. May close Fri., Jan. 24.)

Sally—Marilyn Miller dancing about charmingly in a somewhat too weighty musical show. All in color. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 11:45 P.M., and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in a polite and deft version of Shakespeare's play. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon. Jan. 25-27; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Up the Congo—A lady follows the old trail of the slave-traders with some interesting results for us stay-at-homes. (Cameo, 42, E. of B'way; performances continuous from 10:30 A.M.)

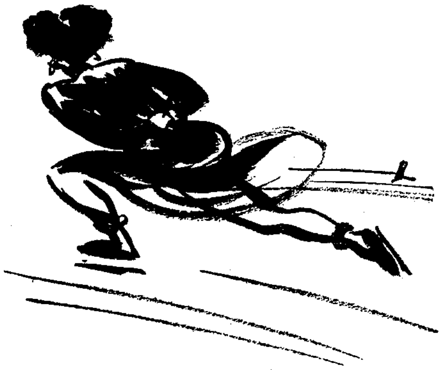
News Reel Theatre—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Note—A new Plaza theatre has been opened by the management of the old. For movie-goers of the better sort. (Plaza, 42 E. 58; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Condemned," love makes Devil's Island into a sort of Riviera, with Ronald Colman; "Gold Diggers of Broadway," bright and amusing musical show about the ladies of Broadway and their victims of Wall Street; "Navy Blues," an active comedy with William Haines as a sailor on liberty; "The Sky Hawk," air-raid nights in London in vivid pictures; "The Virginian," the famous old best-seller of Wyoming life, with Gary Cooper.

ART

Belgian—An official collection of the painters seldom seen here. It may surprise you: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M. (Take B'way-7 Ave. subway to Eastern Parkway-Brooklyn Museum Sta.)



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1]

Contemporary French—The third engagement on the new battleground known as the Museum of Modern Art. "Painting in Paris," featuring Derain, Matisse, Picasso, Dufy, and the rest: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Gromaire—One of the young Frenchmen, strong, violent, and sometimes happy: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Marin—The great American painter: Stieglitz, Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 1.

Mauny—Excellent young man who paints with a look toward the future and a dip into the best of the past: de Hauke, 3 E. 51. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 25.

New Yorker Artists—Exhibition and sale of original drawings which have appeared in your favorite magazine: S.P.R. Galleries, penthouse of 40 E. 49. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Picasso—Retrospective show of this master and Derain. Worth your time: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Rodin—Sculptures by one who is the layman's symbol for good stuff: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Still-Life—From Chardin to the abstract. Examples from the excellent Chester Dale collection: Wildenstein, 647 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

Biltmore Musicale—Anna Fitziu, John Charles Thomas, and Nikolai Orloff. Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Jan. 24, at 11.

Gregor Piatigorsky—Recital début of a 'cellist who comes tremendously recommended. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 24.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch—One of the best. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 25.

Louis Graveure—A reformed baritone continues a fine career as a tenor. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 25.

Albert Spalding—Fiddling that you'll enjoy. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 26.

Sigrid Onegin—A great contralto who also is a great showwoman. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 26.

Nathan Milstein—A violinistic début worth watching. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 27.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Molinari [illegible] Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Jan. 24, at [illegible] Eve., Jan. 25, at 8:45; Metropolita [illegible] House, Sun. Aft., Jan. 26. . . . Sche [illegible] ducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morns., [illegible] and Feb. 1, at 11 (Children's Concerts).

Museum Concert—Mannes cond [illegible] politan Museum of Art, Sat. E [illegible] 8. (No admission charge.)

Manhattan Symphony O [illegible] ducting: Mecca Temple [illegible]

American Orchestral [illegible] ing: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft. [illegible]

Philadelphia Orchestra—Gabrilow [illegible] ing: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., [illegible]

Paulist Choristers—Metropolit [illegible] Tues. Eve., Jan. 28.

University Glee Club—C [illegible] Eve., Jan. 30.

People's Chorus—Camilieri [illegible] Hall. Thurs. Eve., Jan 30, at 8 [illegible]

Paul Strassevitch—Conducting [illegible] the Philharmonic-Symphony: [illegible] Fri. Eve., Jan. 31.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"The Girl of [illegible] Fri. Aft., Jan. 24, at 2; "Th [illegible] Fri. Eve., Jan. 24, at 8:15 [illegible] "Sadko," première, Sat. Aft., [illegible] Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Jan. 25, [illegible] Concert, Sun. Eve., Jan. 26, [illegible] Gioconda," Mon Eve., Jan. 27 [illegible] Wed. Eve., Jan. 29, at 8:15; [illegible] Eve., Jan. 30, at 8; "Manon," [illegible] 31, at 2.

Little Theatre Opera—"The M [illegible] Mozart: Fri. and Sat. Eves., J [illegible] at 8:30; Sat. Aft., Jan. 25, at 2 [illegible] Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

ON THE AIR

Walter Damrosch—Conduct [illegible] chestra: Fri. Morns., Jan. 24 [illegible] and Sat. Eves., Jan. 25 and Feb. [illegible] WEAF.

Rochester Symphony—Goossens [illegible] Fri. Afts., Jan. 24 and 31, at 3 [illegible]

Boxing—Fights from Madison Square [illegible] Fri. Eves., Jan. 24 and 31, at 9:30, over [illegible]

Grand Opera—"Thaïs," by the Chicago Civic Opera Co.: Sat., Jan. 25, at 10 [illegible] over [illegible]

Philharmonic-Symphony—Ch [illegible] Schelling conducting: Sat. Morns., [illegible] Feb. 1, at 11, over WOR. . . . [illegible] ducting: Sun., Jan. 26, at 3 P.M., over [illegible]

Light Opera—"The Chimes of Normandy" [illegible] Jan. 26, at 1 P.M., over WJZ.

Manhattan Symphony—Hadley conducting: Sun., Jan. 26, at 9 P.M., over WOR.

Albert Spalding—American violinist: Sun., Jan. 26, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

Hockey—N. Y. Americans vs. Pittsburgh, from Madison Square Garden: Sun., Jan. 26, at 10 P.M., over WMCA.

Mario Chamlee—Tenor soloist: Tues., Jan. 28, at 8:30 P.M., over WJZ.

SPORTS

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: "Big Boy" Peterson vs. Primo Carnera, Fri. Eve., Jan. 24; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

Fencing—Nedo Nadi, winner of eight Olympic championships, in exhibition matches with leading Americans: New York Athletic Club, 7 Ave. at 59, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 30, at 8:30.

Hockey—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Americans vs. Pittsburgh, Sun. Eve., Jan. 26; N. Y. Rangers vs. N. Y. Americans, Tues. Eve., Jan. 28; N. Y. Americans vs. Detroit, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 30.

Indoor Polo—Games at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Jan. 25: Squadron A vs. Ramapo, at 7:30; Penn. M.C. vs. Governors Island, at 8:30; Yale vs. Squadron A, at 9:30. . . . Sat. Eve., Feb. 1: Yale Officers vs. Squadron A, at 8:30; West Point Officers vs. N.Y.A.C., at 9:30.

OTHER EVENTS

Motor Boat Show—Last two days: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 25.

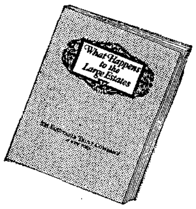
Public Balls—Beaux Arts Ball (Costumes of the French and Italian Renaissance, 1460-1600), Hotel Astor, Fri. Eve., Jan. 24. . . . The Old Guard Ball, Hotel Astor, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31.

Burton Holmes—"Present Day Travel in Germany:" Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 26, at 8:30, and Mon. Aft., Jan. 27, at 3.

Auctions—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—The Ton-Ying collection of Chinese porcelains: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 24 and 25, at 2:15. . . . Color plates, sporting books, Thackeray first editions, rare periodicals, Cruikshank illustrations, etc.: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Jan. 29 and 30, at 2:15, and Wed. Eve., Jan. 29, at 8:15. . . . French furniture of the eighteenth century, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Afts., Jan. 30, 31, and Feb. 1, at 2:15. . . . Barbizon paintings, including five examples by Corot, and other important paintings: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 30, at 8:30.

What happens to the large estates?

Average shrinkage in net assets over 25%


What Happens to the Large Estates

THE Equitable has just completed a thorough analysis of estates recorded in the final accounting and transfer tax proceedings in New York County from January, 1926, to August, 1929. These estates ranged in size from $300,000 to over $10,000,000.

We found that the average shrinkage in net assets was over 25%.

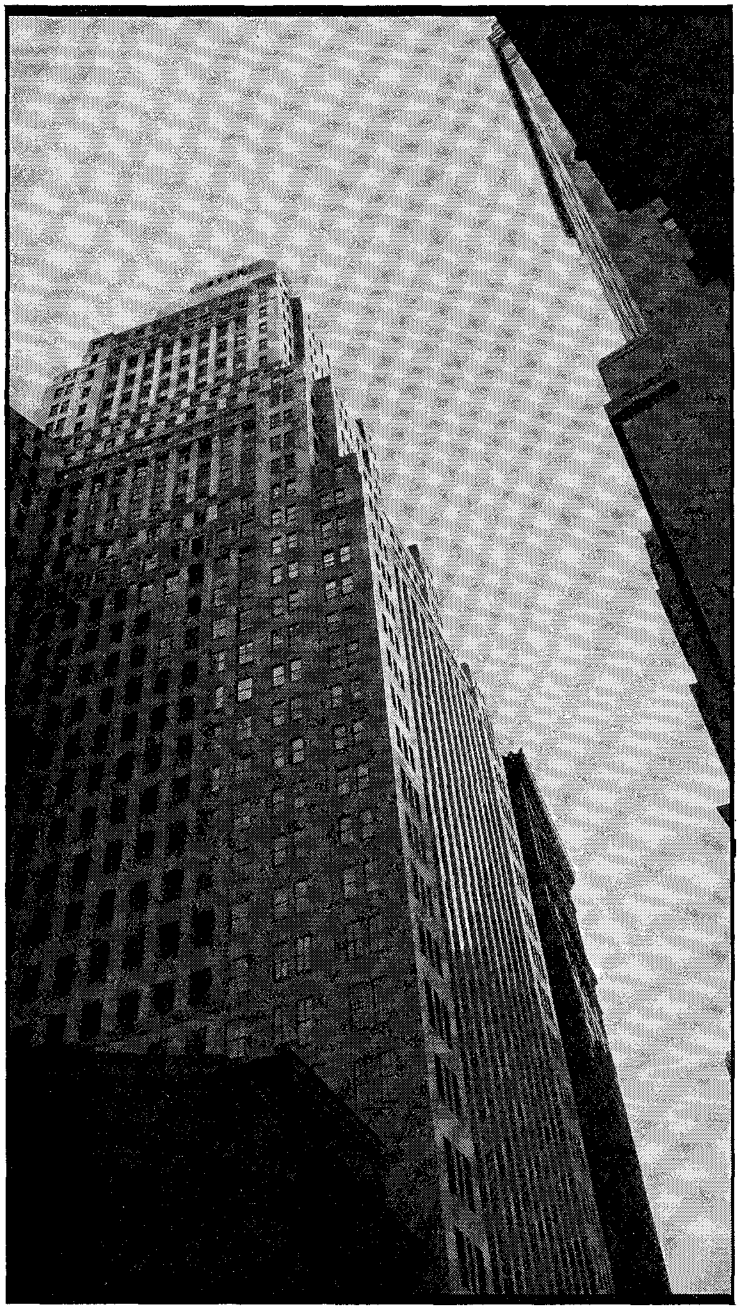
The primary cause of this shrinkage was forced liquidation of valuable securities. . . *forced liquidation* because the estates did not include *sufficient cash* to meet administrative expenses.

"Administrative expenses" include Federal Estate Taxes, New York State Transfer and Estate Taxes, unpaid Income Taxes, outstanding debts and general administrative costs.

Cash to cover these expenses could have been provided by our plan, which enables the estate owner to transfer his estate *100% intact* to his beneficiaries.

No estate owner wants to have the gains of his last few years gobbled up by Administrative Expenses when a simple, satisfactory solution of a problem almost as inevitable as the taxes themselves can be had through The Equitable's plan.

Our new booklet, "What Happens to the Large Estates," points out many interesting findings which any estate owner will be glad to know. Send for your copy today.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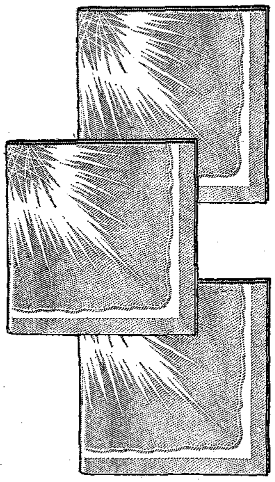
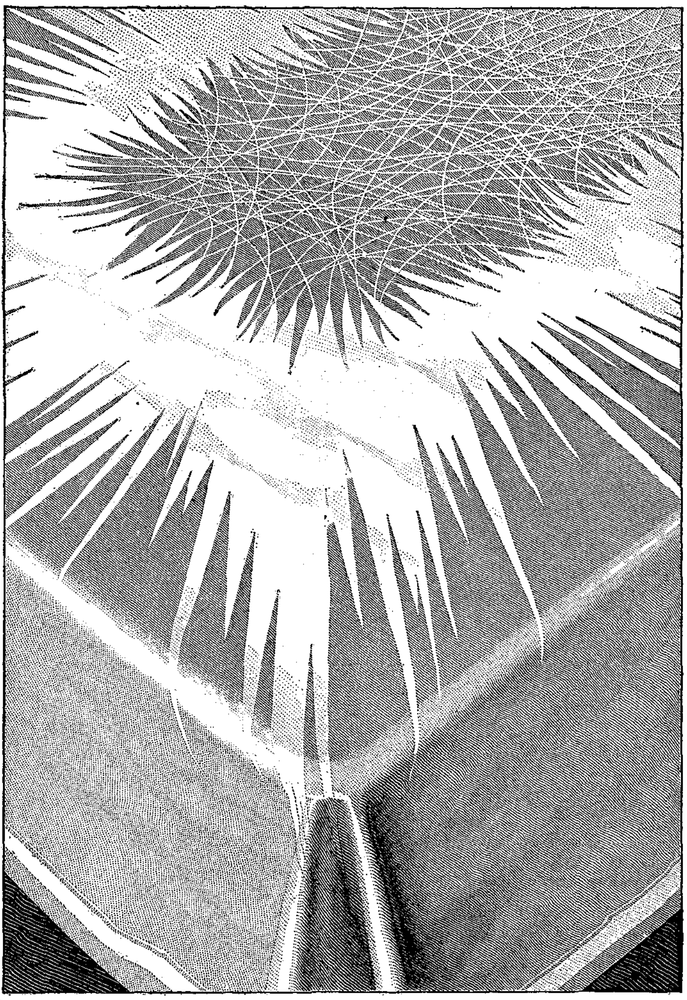
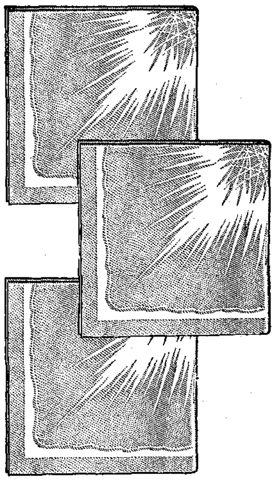
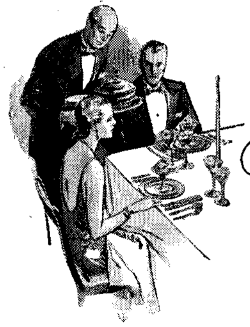
LINEN DAMASK

Loomed Luxury for the Table









TO THE EYE of taste, there is incomparable distinction in the subdued luxury of Linen Damask laid upon the table. Its exquisite weave, its delicately modulating tones, encompass the ritual of perfect service with a harmonious beauty that is the highest virtue of correctness. The looms of Ireland and Scotland have excelled through the centuries in creating Linen Damask Cloths and Napkins imbued with a supreme expression of this special charm. In homes where the perfect appointment of the table is a first principle of the art of living, Irish or Scottish Linen Damask is essential

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LOVELY LINEN

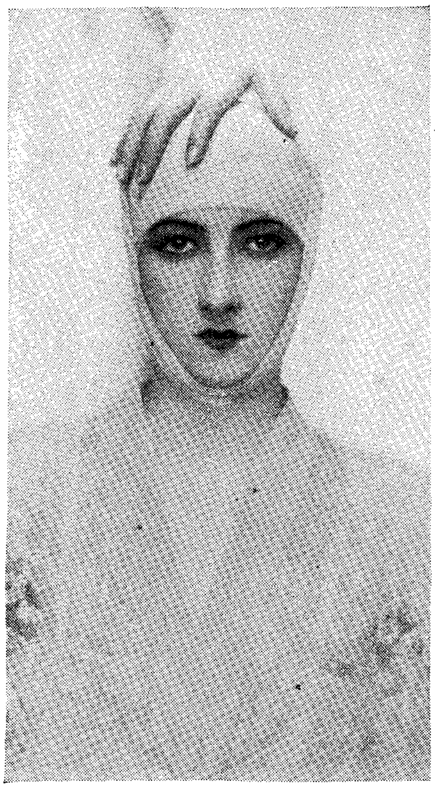
DAMASK TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS

impressively correct

SEE THE NEW IRISH AND SCOTTISH WEAVES AT LEADING STORES

Elizabeth Arden's New Salons

ARE AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOU WOULD EXPECT THEM TO BE



In Elizabeth Arden's New Salons are found all the delightful Arden Treatments, the tried and proven Muscle-Strapping and Skin-Toning—the very successful Firming Treatment. Here the famous Vienna Youth Mask is given and here Miss Arden has enriched her beloved Exercise Department with new joy-giving and beauty-bringing Exercises. Clean-cut profiles are restored. Warm, natural color returns. Years slip away . . . while to the figure is given a dancer's flame-like grace. Thus in the most approved fashion of two continents, youth is kept.

You cannot think of the name of Elizabeth Arden without thinking of Beauty — Miss Arden has identified herself so completely with the creation of loveliness according to her own high standards.

The new Elizabeth Arden Salons at 691 Fifth Avenue are the satisfying expression of this ideal

OUTWARDLY, they are as enchanting as you would expect when a skilled architect and an inspired decorator create beauty under Miss Arden's own enthusiastic direction. From the moment you enter her favorite red doorway, it is quite unlike anything you have ever seen. It is as though each of Miss Arden's European Salons had surrendered something to this New York Establishment. There is the rich dignity of Old Bond Street in the entrance — the *chic* of the rue de la Paix the moment you are inside the door — the majesty of Berlin in the spacious rooms — and everywhere a warmth of color and sense of aliveness that bespeaks a strain of the Latin temperament — an imported bit of atmosphere from her famous Salons in Rome and Madrid!

International — cosmopolitan — whatever the setting may be, there is that unity of purpose, that uniformity of treatment and ideals which is only possible when the founder of a great organization continues in active control of its destiny.

It is this which gives to Elizabeth Arden's Salons, Treatments and Preparations their rare quality — the fact that Miss Arden remains, as she has always been, the personal inspiration of the great enterprise which bears her name.

Even if you cannot come to the Salons, you may still be in touch with Miss Arden through her Treatments and Preparations. More than that, you may write to her freely, for counsel, and be assured that every question will receive thoughtful consideration.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

691 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

LONDON BERLIN MADRID ROME PARIS

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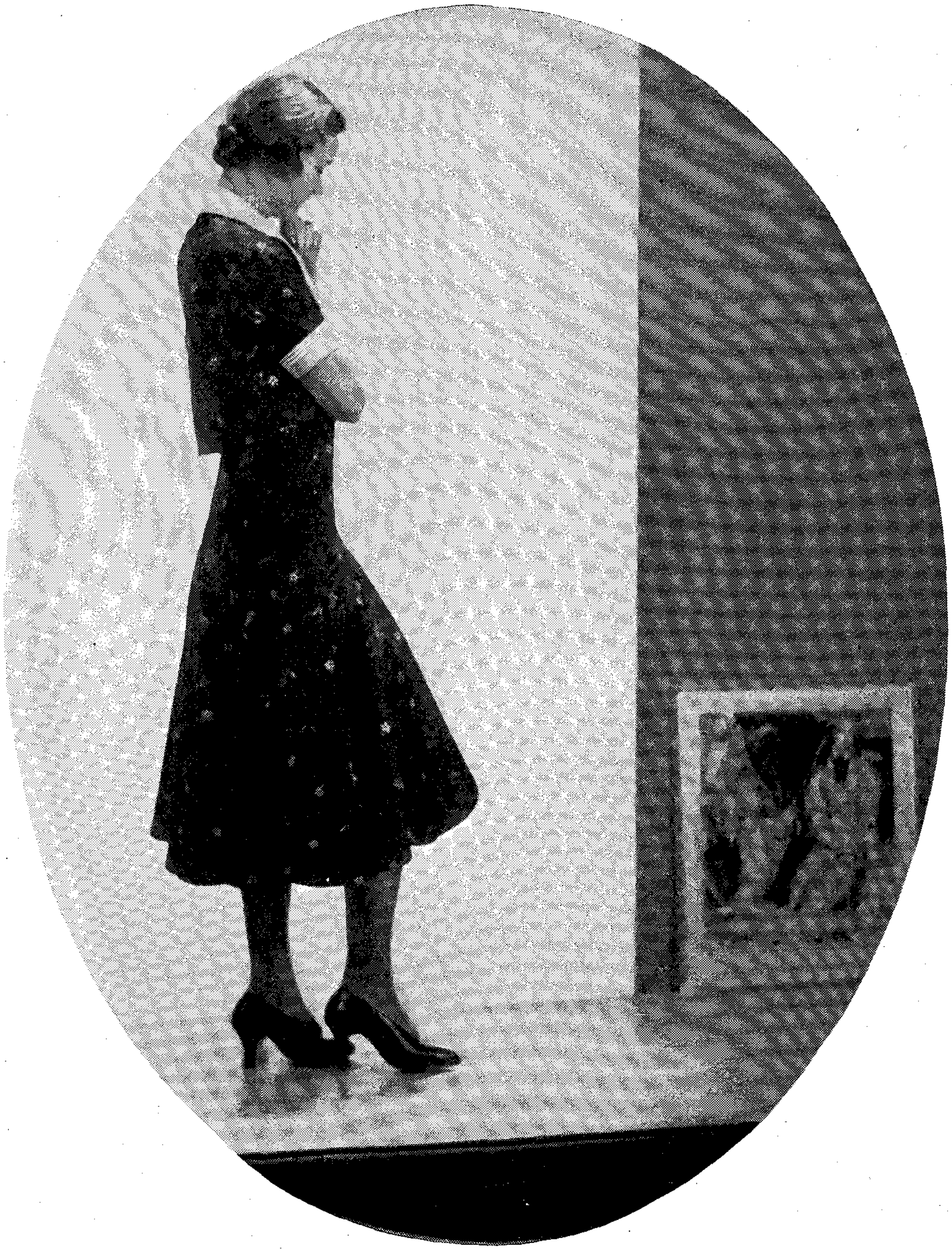

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Is Important Because

of the newness of its fabric . . . Jacquard prints, for daytime . . . because of its brief little sleeves . . . because of its round-topped godets that look like unpressed pleats . . . because of its stiff little bolero . . . and, lastly, because of its very, very young silhouette.

125.00

MISSES' AND PETITE MISSES' FASHIONS—FIFTH FLOOR

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NEW YORK CHICAGO
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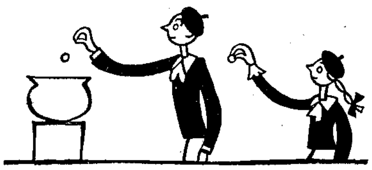
THE NEW YORKER

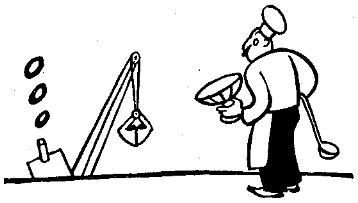
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

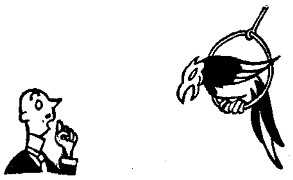
IT seems to us that all the suggestions, Presidential and other, for making the dry laws work overlook the one factor which would insure success. If the Government really wants to prohibit, all it has to do is to bribe the enforcement officers. The suggestion is not impracticable. Let the United States, with a fine gesture, give up three or four new cruisers, say, and for a starter put the money into a bribe fund. The Drys might be willing to contribute out of their own pockets or they could collect pennies from school children, just as pennies used to be gathered to build a battleship with. The Anti-Saloon League might have ideas of its own on how these things are done. All seized liquor could be exported and sold abroad, or even auctioned at home, the proceeds to go into the fund too. Of course the bootleggers would keep on trying and that would make it a revolving fund. The bribes could be distributed among the enforcers through the same machinery that now refunds income taxes, the Government deducting its income tax from the bribes, possibly to be added to the bribe fund. The plan is really very simple, compared with the way things are now.



EVERY year, for about twenty-five years, the Ohio Society has held a banquet in the Waldorf. To such a society, the annual banquet is an affair solemn and inevitable, an affair almost religious. This year we were moved to speculate on what would happen to the Ohio Society, now the Waldorf is gone—where would they turn for accommodations after all these years? "Annual banquet?" they said, answering our query. "Why, there will be no annual banquet. There is no Waldorf, and there will be no banquet." Somehow, applying this news to banquets in general, it seemed to us a rather cheerful little item. Maybe the Waldorf hasn't toppled in vain.



PARROT fever is the latest and most amusing example of the national hypochondria. Newspapers, playing up bizarre items, have a neat way of turning an isolated case into a national menace. We recall, several years ago, the case of a boy who was bitten by a shark in a creek near Matawan. That summer the papers carried stories every day about how the Gulf Stream was shifting and bringing shoals of sharks to New Jersey beaches. One hardly dared take a tub in the privacy of one's own bathroom. A little later a man died from anthrax poisoning, supposed to have been caused by an unsterilized shaving brush. Everybody took to boiling shaving brushes—boiled the living daylights out of them. When Mrs. Morgan died, cases of sleeping sickness suddenly cropped up all over the country, and anybody developing a headache would seem to recall having been bitten by a fly, and a tsetse fly at that. Then there was the icebox scare—the mysterious gas emanating from electric refrigerators in the dead of night. There have been hundreds of national menaces, keeping us all on tenterhooks, keeping the populace feeling the national pulse and applying the national stethoscope. Psittacosis is one of the best, because one of the most picturesque. What will probably happen will be that some reporter will invent a disease traceable to something that happens to everybody: "Otis heart" from riding in elevators, maybe, or "corn-flakes itch" from eating breakfast food, and we'll all die of autosuggestion.



WE were arrested last week for the sins of Daisy, who was without a muzzle when she met Patrolman Porco, badge No. 10020, in front of 1 Fifth Avenue. Patrolman Porco had a summons book in his hand, and no eye for Daisy's blandishments. Next morning we paid a two-dollar fine in the Third District Magistrate's Court, Second Avenue and Second Street, after waiting two hours and fifteen minutes. The fine was for leading a dog without a muzzle, in violation of the Sanitary Code. We take this opportunity to point out to William McAdoo, Patrolman Porco, Magistrate Dodge, and the clerk of the court, that while we were waiting in court to answer the charge, four garbage cans on the

street in plain view from the courtroom window were visited by seven dogs of varying sizes and descriptions, not one of which wore a muzzle or even a collar, and not one of which had Daisy's charm of manner. We further point out that the railing of the courtroom and the floor under the seats violated the Sanitary Code most grossly, because they were unbelievably dirty. We merely point out these things because we wish to be a good citizen—as does Daisy, when she isn't busy looking for things under the davenport.

Feminine Figuring

BETTER late than never with this happening at the Automobile Show. Two young things stopped at the Cadillac booth and asked the price of the new Cadillac sixteen.

"Eighty-five hundred," he said.

"Ooooh, just think!" exclaimed one of them. "Less than a thousand dollars."

Illuminations

IN Forty-second Street, across from the Library, you will find Dr. Wilfrid Voynich in his office. Call on him if you have two hundred thousand dollars with you, and wish to buy an illuminated manuscript. He has one or two that cost that much. Recently J. P. Morgan paid him seventy-five thousand for an old book adorned with decorations attributed to Giotto.

Dr. Voynich is Polish and comes from a family which for generations has been accustomed to going to prison for their activities in behalf of Polish independence. At twenty he landed in jail himself, spent two years in solitary confinement in a Warsaw fortress, and was then sent to Siberia for five years. The preliminary confinement was to weaken the prisoners so they would die on the trip to Siberia. Dr. Voynich did not die. He escaped from Siberia after two years, and now resides in the Commodore Hotel. He was the first dealer in illuminations in town. At first he had hard sledding but people now know about him.

To find what he wants he mostly ransacks castles. His greatest discovery is a manuscript in code by Roger Bacon; found it in 1912 in a castle in southern Europe. (He won't tell what castle, lest other dealers get certain other objects he has his eye on.) The manuscript is of one hundred and sixteen pages (six missing), all in code, profusely illustrated with paintings of plants, ovaries, stars, etc.—a kind of encyclopedia of astronomical, biological, and botanical discoveries that would have been frowned upon at the time. Scholars agree it is the work of Bacon, done while in prison. Dr. Voynich will sell it for one hundred thousand dollars to a public institution; won't sell it at any price to a private collector—too important. Scholars all over the world, using photostat copies, are at work trying to decipher it, and Professor William R. Newbold of Harvard thinks he has it. It's the earliest cipher manuscript known, and nobody knew of its existence till Dr. Voynich uncovered it.

A great passion of his is taking apart the covers of old volumes to see if anything is inside. Bookbinders, in the old days, used to use "printer's waste"—vellum, paper, scraps of all kinds. Dr. Voynich has destroyed hundreds of covers, and occasionally gets something good. He once found a fragment of Magellan's map this way. It told about Magellan's trip. Unluckily the Doctor lost the original while on a lecture tour, but museums have copies. Once he bought a library in Florence of one million volumes because he thought it contained a manuscript of Dante's "Inferno" illustrated by Michelangelo. It didn't.

People request strange things from him. In London an American came in one day and asked for an autograph of Christ. Dr. Voynich once knew a collector who bought the skin of a serpent in the belief it was from the serpent that tempted Eve.

Defeat

RASKOB'S genius, it seems, will carry him only just so far. He went to a formal lunch the other day—fifty or more guests and two or three speakers. He had another engagement early in the afternoon and knew he couldn't stay through it all. He didn't mind missing the speeches, nor the food for that matter, but he did want his coffee. Simply can't go without it at noon. It was one of those lunches where the dishes are served and whisked away with military precision so everyone will finish dessert simultaneously. Early Mr. Raskob began on his waiter about the coffee. He wanted it right away. At the end of the second course he again took the matter up with the waiter. At the end of the third he did the same thing. No result. When the waiter next appeared Mr. Raskob plucked at his sleeve. "Where's the coffee?" he demanded. The waiter's patience was admirable. "Lookit," said he. "We serve everything here by a seestem. First the cocktail, then the fish, then the—" but Mr. Raskob was gone, having slipped out quietly, as quietly as a coffeeless millionaire can.

Dial Codes

FURTHER developments in the dial-telephone situation: B. Altman & Company approached the telephone company with the request that their number be changed to CALedonia 8626. The reason came out. Some bright person at the store had discovered that if you spell "B. Altman" on the dial you get CAL 8626—and how easy it would make telephoning for their patrons. Just spell the name and get the store. It all fell through; the telephone company decided it would establish a dangerous precedent and complicate life. It turns out that other people of enquiring mind caught the same idea and have figured out code words to fit their numbers. "Just dial 'biscuit,'" says the gentleman whose number is CIRcle 2848; or "cigaret" says CHIckering 2738. A staunch Republican, VANderbilt 6269, was dismayed to find "Tammany" was his code word. The charming lady at CHElsea 5732 was gratified to discover, after a struggle, that dialling "Chelsea" got the same result as going into the numerals, and was simpler. This made everything easy. She told her friends and they are always calling her up.

Kindred Spirits

THE walls of several rooms of a house in the East Sixties, where lives one of the most ardent connoisseurs in the city, are rich with rare and valuable paintings, including several

Rembrandts. Rubbing his hands and glowing, the old gentleman enjoys showing these off to his guests. One evening a week or so ago he had given a dinner party which included his daughter and son-in-law, a famous moving-picture executive, and others. The whole group was bound for the loudly heralded première of the movie magnate's latest talking movie.

After dinner the host showed the latter over his pictures.

"Ah," said the owner of the priceless paintings, "every time I look at them I am lifted up."

"I should think they would give you a great thrill," said the movie dictator.

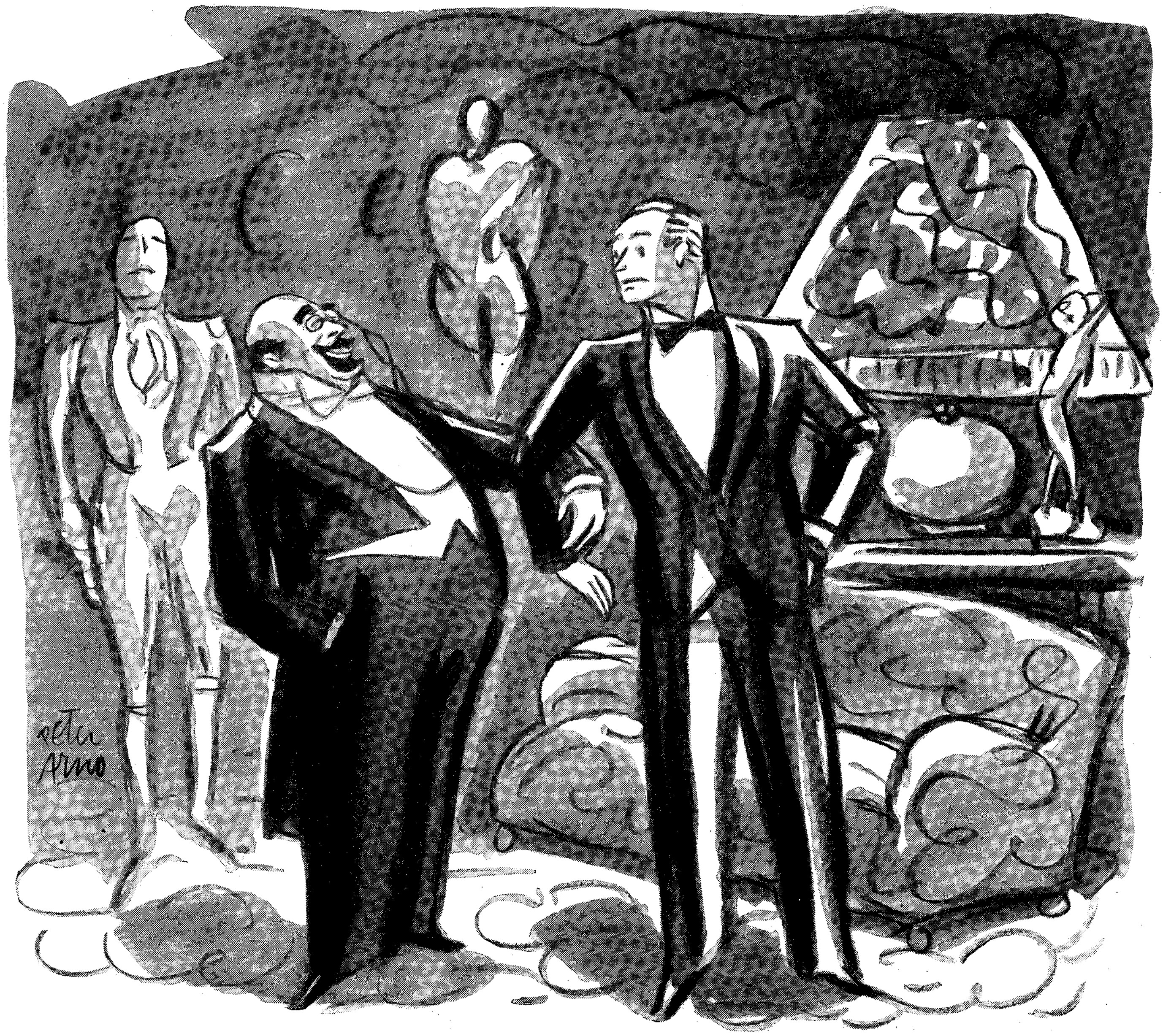
"Oh, more than a thrill—a pang, a pang, sir—right here!" The old gentleman pressed clenched hands to his breast.

The talkie man nodded solemnly. "I know exactly how it is," he said. "I feel that way about that new picture we're going to see tonight."

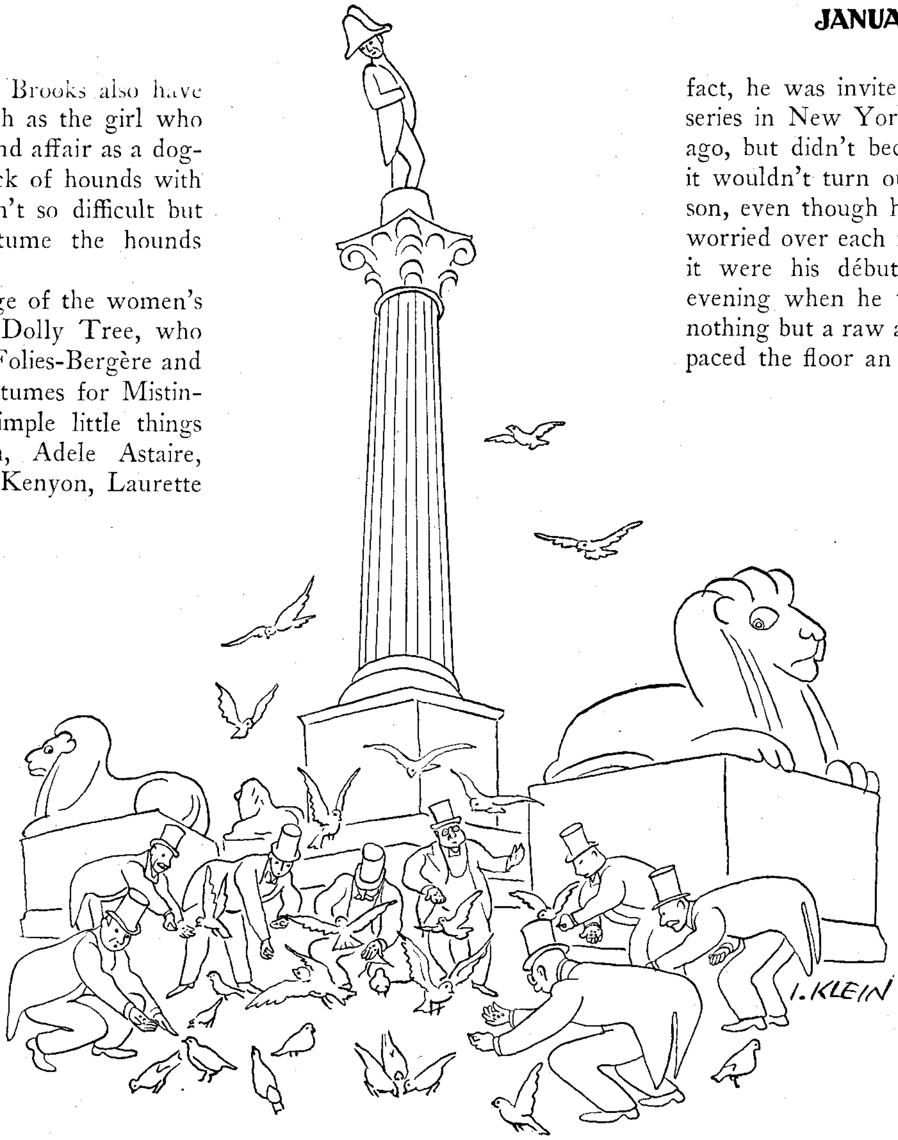
Fancy Dress

WHENEVER somebody like Mrs. William Randolph Hearst wants to appear in a pageant as The Spirit of Literature, she is quite apt to turn, in her hour of need, to the Brooks Costume Company, in Fortieth Street, a most interesting place. There you see actors and other people who have occasion to look like what they are not. Thousands of costumes, including every uniform in the world, are on tap there—renting at anywhere from ten to two hundred dollars a night.

A shop like Brooks has a certain verve—chorus girls do cartwheels right on the premises to see whether anything is going to split, Lee Simonson drops in to think up something new for the Theatre Guild (if that is verve). Or, if you go there, you may possibly run into Jacob Ben-Ami. Mr. Ben-Ami always comes seven times—has seven try-ons, even if everything is O.K. by the second or third. He generally brings along several friends to cheer him through the ordeal. Mae West is another person who always arrives in numbers, with her colored maid, her sister, her dog, and sometimes her lawyer. On such occasions she is mild-mannered and always consults her maid as to what she shall take and how she looks in it. Brooks, of course, do countless special costumes for the Beaux Arts and other balls. Meeting the problem of Mrs. Stanwood Menken is in itself no mean burden, as her costumes usually cost thousands of dollars. She went to a party not long ago in the simple guise of a vegetable salad—comparatively inexpensive, but hard to



"Come as my guest—it won't cost you a cent!"



HAPPENING IN LONDON

The Naval Conference Delegates Feed the Doves at the Nelson Monument

do just the same. Brooks also have special problems, such as the girl who went to a Long Island affair as a dog-trainer, taking a pack of hounds with her. The girl wasn't so difficult but Brooks had to costume the hounds too.

The lady in charge of the women's department is Miss Dolly Tree, who used to be with the Folies-Bergère and who still designs costumes for Mistinguett, along with simple little things for Betty Compson, Adele Astaire, Lily Damita, Doris Kenyon, Laurette Taylor, Gilda Gray, and as many others as you can mention. One tradition of the shop is that it never gives away secrets—such as trick effects of a new revue. Even their own workmen won't tell. Nor can employees accept complimentary tickets to shows.

Harry Pinsky is the men's specialist—a great hand with actors, takes care of anything from Adolphe Menjou, who comes all the way from Hollywood for a fitting, to circus giants, who require stepladder work. Mr. Pinsky has built costumes for more theatrical figures than any other person living, has an intimate knowledge of all famous calves, shoulders, thighs, and waists, and himself takes quite a lot of the credit for the success of his subjects. He has at his elbow a reference library of eighty-five hundred volumes, from which he can find out practically anything about what anybody ever wore. He first used a needle in Russia, at the age of six, sitting cross-legged on a bench, like papa.

Cenotaph

SPEAKING of Chambers of Commerce (which we should do more often), the Washington Heights Chamber of Commerce had a large Christmas tree on its hands at the end of the holidays. The tree was forty feet high, weighed about eight tons, and was alive. You can't just throw a tree like that away. One of the officers of the Chamber suggested that it be planted as a living tribute to the memory of somebody. This suggestion had about it the touch of genius, except that no one in the Chamber could put his finger on the memory of anybody in particular. However, the Washington Heights Chamber of Commerce never says die. It took the tree to 181st Street and Amsterdam Avenue and there planted it "to the memory of the unknown soldier of Washington Heights," where it is doing very well, as trees go.

Pianist

JOSÉ ITURBI, the Spanish pianist, promised to return to this country next year. He said he had no idea, before coming here, how homelike this country could be. As a matter of fact, he was invited to give a concert series in New York some seven years ago, but didn't because he was afraid it wouldn't turn out well. This season, even though he was a success, he worried over each recital as much as if it were his début. Usually, on an evening when he was to play, he ate nothing but a raw apple for dinner and paced the floor an hour or two. Between concerts, he went to Harlem to listen to jazz, to a gymnasium to box with the instructor, and motoring. He owns two cars and likes to drive fast. On his European concert tours he usually travels by motor, and often beats train time. Boxing and motoring, he has little of the average pianist's extreme concern for the safety of his hands, but he nevertheless takes his music very seriously, so seriously that he doesn't like to talk about it, and hates people who try to draw him out.

He was born in Valencia and is now thirty-five. He had his first piano lesson at the age of three. He spent most of his youth in Switzerland, playing at motion-picture houses and in cafés. He had little formal instruction. At twenty he was playing at the Hotel Bauer-au-Lac in Zurich. Here his work attracted so much attention that the Conservatory of Geneva offered him a position on the piano faculty. He stayed six years there and then embarked on his own career. He was a success from the start. Now he makes a great deal of money. He spends it gaily, buying motor cars and Havana cigars, giving five-dollar bills to beggars who strike his fancy. All his clothes are from O'Rossen, the Paris tailor. Chanel makes a special perfume for his use, although he looks more like a boxer than a man who would have his own special perfume, or than a musician, a fact which sometimes leads to misunderstandings. Once, a doorman refused to let him into the hall where he was to give a concert—didn't think he could be a pianist. Again, going by train to give a recital, he met a pretty girl in the same compartment. She said she was going to hear Iturbi play but, alas, she was affraid the hall would be sold out. He bet her he could get her in. He went around to meet her during the intermission; she was so excited she couldn't speak, and kissed him instead.

The pianist was popular at the parties tendered for him here, the Charles E. Mitchells', the Adolph Lewisohns', the Kahns', and so on. Mengelberg gave him a birthday party and had an enormous cake, made to look like a skyscraper. Iturbi sent a large slice of it to his twelve-year-old daughter in Paris. She is studying music and wants to become a pianist, but her father says that, so far as he is concerned, he doesn't care whether she does or not. It's an uncertain life at best, he says.

History Makers

LATEST story illustrating how statesmen mold history by a phrase: At the last Reparations Conference, Stresemann of Germany and Briand of France had conferred far into the night; terms had been suggested, debated, amended, rejected. Immediate agreement was hopeless, obviously. Finally Briand remarked, "The only thing we can do now is go to bed." Stresemann agreed. The two left the conference chamber, to be immediately surrounded by newspaper correspondents impatient for news of the meeting. Briand, one of whose hobbies is playing pranks, greeted them gravely. "We have discussed the situation thoroughly," he said, "and find that France and Germany are in complete accord as to the next step to be taken." The two statesmen, smiling, passed on and went to bed. The next morning newspapers the world over printed the rumor that France and Germany had united to face England's demands. The sequel was that almost immediately the temper of the Conference changed, and along the lines the newspapers had indicated—an example in psychological effect.

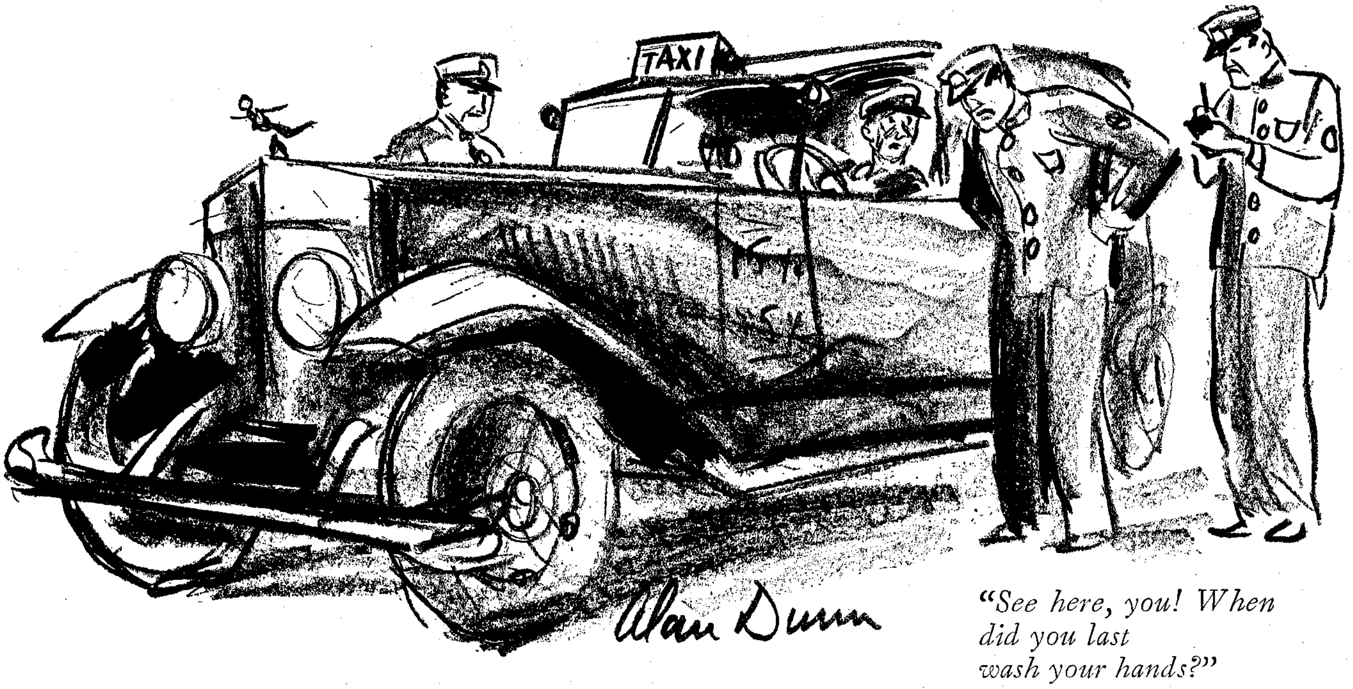
Exit Proletcos

NOT long ago we were talking about Proletcos, the coöperative communistic restaurant in Union Square, saying it was prosperous and substantial. Now the moving-men have been there, putting out the burners under the coffee urns, piling chairs on tables and taking them away. Proletcos has closed, and it is very confusing. There are those who say it was successful but that its managers, living up to their non-profit policy, were diverting some of the income to other communistic activities, the no-tip barber shop in the same building and a radical daily newspaper. The publication blames it all on the situation in Palestine, which is said to have caused a big split-up among the radicals. The restaurant managers seem inclined to lay the failure to plain capitalistic hate, and they say they will be open again soon anyway. Meantime Hugo Gellert's decorations stare down on a dining-hall containing only movers' litter, and warmed no longer by passionate discussions over the troubles of the universe. Thus has passed the only important congregating place for radicals in the city.

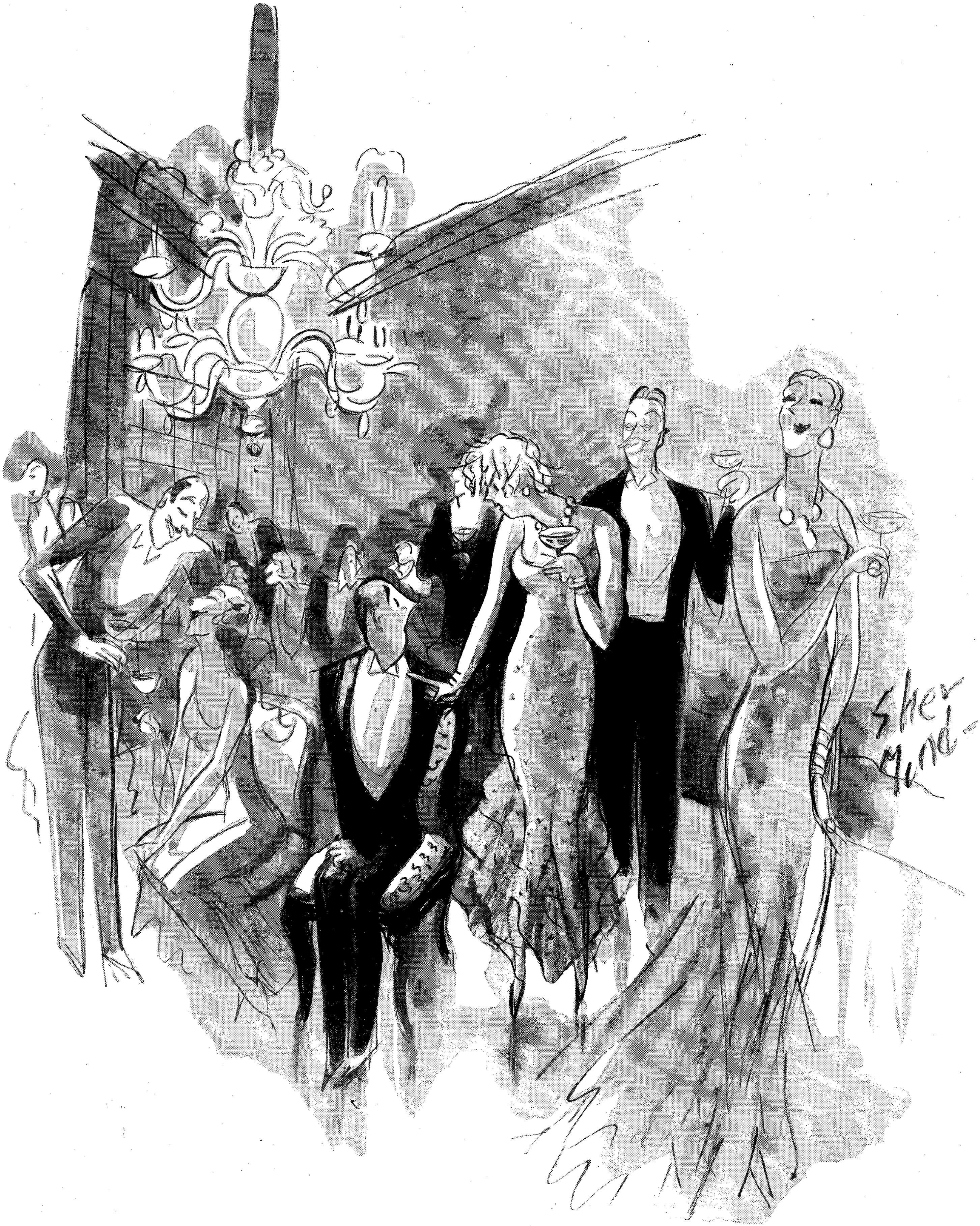
Introduction

AFTER moving from one apartment to another in October, a family had the not uncommon difficulties with the public-service corporations. The electric-light people made the trouble this time. They kept sending the bills for service to the apartment which had been vacated. The lady of the family wrote a number of replies explaining that she had moved, but none took effect until about a month ago, when a tarter note than usual brought forth a courteous letter promising to correct the error and apologizing for the annoyance. It was signed "Clarence L. Law, Commercial Mgr." Two weeks passed, and then came the same old bill with approximately the same old letter. The account of $3.11 was still unpaid. It must be paid. It was signed "Frederick Smith, Treasurer." The lady yawned, pinned the two notes together, wrote one of her own—"I want you people to meet each other"—and mailed them to "Edison Company, City."

—THE NEW YORKERS



"See here, you! When did you last wash your hands?"



"Wilfred, what did I tell you about letting me drink!"

THE FIFTEEN BIGGEST MEN IN AMERICA

HERETOFORE there has been no satisfactory technique for measuring greatness. Attempts to list the ten greatest men, the ten greatest women, the ten greatest poets, the ten greatest movie stars, etc., have never been successful. Every football expert is hailed as an unprincipled nitwit as soon as he picks his All-America team. Tex Rickard always slid out of town just before printing his annual list of the seventy greatest fighters. The most sincere effort to rate the ten greatest rat-catchers of 1929 would probably cause endless bickering, untold mental anguish, and charges of bribery.

Even when the thing is done on a grand scale, glory is seldom distributed skillfully. There are many hams in Westminster Abbey, and the most interesting thing about the Hall of Fame is the number of stowaways that have smuggled into its pompous rotunda. The electors to the Hall of Fame have to cater to different prejudices, sexes, points of the compass, and professions. When the literary people get behind another poet, the engineers rush up with another bridge-builder and the scientists organize a drive in behalf of another fossil-hunter. When Emma Willard of Troy Female Seminary was voted into the Hall, the alumnae of the country rose, and its affrighted electors railroaded Mary Lyon of Mt. Holyoke, Maria Mitchell of Vassar, Alice Freeman Palmer of Wellesley, and Frances E. Willard of the Northwestern Female College into "that Valhalla or American Westminster Abbey," as Dr. Sloane called it.

DIFFICULTIES thicken when an attempt is made to choose the greatest living people. There is, however, a sensible method, a mathematical method, of settling the whole question. Merely count the lines in *Who's Who* and list the great ones accordingly. Whim, prejudice, bribery, chicanery, and sectional feeling are abolished. This is the first scientific attack ever made on this problem and it works out handsomely. The fifteen biggest Americans, by this test, are:

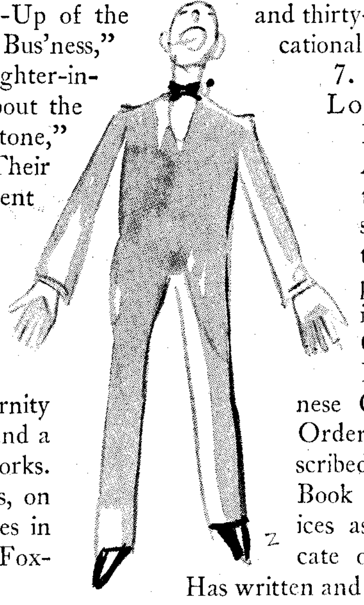
	Lines in *Who's Who*
1. Samuel Untermyer	99
2. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler	97
3. The Reverend Dr. William Eleazar Barton	96
4. Nathan William MacChesney	87
5. Bion Joseph Arnold	85
6. Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn	84
7. Charles Sumner Lobingier	83
8. Elihu Root	82
9. John Alexander Low Waddell	80
10. Percy Mackaye	78
11. William Fortune	74
12. The Reverend Father Francis William Rolt-Wheeler	73
13. Frederick Ludwig Hoffman	71
14. The Reverend Dr. William Elliot Griffis	70
15. The Reverend Dr. Edwin Courtlandt Dinwiddie	69

Brief citations of their achievements follow:

1. Samuel Untermyer, lawyer—Made H. Ford apologize to the Jews; fought the New York Stock Exchange for forty years; is a man-eating tiger in the courtroom; has won more medals than any other man for raising orchids and chrysanthemums.

2. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler—Earns the title of Second Greatest American by giving Samuel Untermyer so close a run, if for no other reason.

3. The Reverend Dr. William Eleazar Barton, clergyman—One of the great luminaries of the Congregationalist Church and an authority on the life of Abraham Lincoln. For twenty years on the staff of the *Youth's Companion*, went around the world in 1925, and is the author of "Acorns from an Oak Park Pulpit," "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," "I Go A-Fishing," "Four Weeks of Family Worship," "The Wind-Up of the Big Meetin' on No Bus'ness," "Sim Galloway's Daughter-in-Law," "The Truth About the Trouble at Roundstone," "The Psalms and Their Story," "The Improvement of Perfection," "Lieut. William Barton and His Descendants," "Pocket Congregational Manual," "Fun and Philosophy of Safed the Sage," "The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln," and a great many similar works. Born at Sublette, Illinois, on June 28, 1861, and lives in Oak Park, Illinois, and Foxboro, Massachusetts.



4. Nathan William MacChesney, lawyer—Belongs to seventeen clubs, mostly in Chicago, was a judge-advocate-general in France during the war, and is an authority on dower rights, real estate, prison reform, city planning, criminology, international law, and political science. President of a long list of charitable, reform, civic, and political organizations; past president of a longer list. Advisor to the Salvation Army and the King of Siam. Edits two law journals and has written many books. National president from 1910 to 1913 of the Order of the Coif. Siamese consul-general in Chicago. Decorated by Siam in 1926 for capable handling of Siamese affairs in Chicago.

5. Bion Joseph Arnold, electrical engineer—"Advisor to Des Moines, Omaha, Winnipeg, Sacramento, New Orleans, Detroit, Harrisburg, Rochester, Syracuse, etc.," apparently on electrical matters; also "inventor of combined direct-connected machines, a magnetic clutch, and new systems and devices for electric railways." Has designed a long list of street-railway systems and appraised a long list of properties. Was born at Casnovia, Michigan, August 14, 1861, and lives in Chicago.

6. Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, paleontologist—President of the American Museum of Natural History and a world-famous scientist. Greatest authority on the dinosaurs, titanotheres, mammoths, mastodons, and three-toed horses; author of "Evolution of Mammalian Molar Teeth," "The Earth Speaks to Bryan," "Men of the Old Stone Age," a monumental treatise on the rhinoceros family, many other books, and seven hundred and thirty-five scientific and educational papers.

7. Charles Sumner Lobingier, lawyer—Born at Lanark, Illinois, April 30, 1866. Practiced law in Omaha, served as a judge for ten years in the Philippines and for ten years in the United States Court for China. Honored by the Chinese Government with the Order of Chiao Ho; name inscribed in the Zionist Golden Book at Jerusalem for services as a non-Jewish advocate of a Jewish Palestine. Has written and lectured in many fields of law, especially on international law, and is familiarly known to his fellow lawyers all over the world as "Lobingier on Navigable Waters," "Lobingier on Extraterritoriality," "Lobingier on

International Law," "Lobingier on Roman Law," etc.

8. Elihu Root, lawyer—Just how he slipped in is a mystery.

9. John Alexander Low Waddell, engineer—Born at Port Hope, Ontario, in 1854. Has built bridges and other engineering works in North and South America, Asia, and Japan. Author of "Quantities of Materials and Costs per Square Foot of Floor for Highway and Electric Railway Long-Span Suspension Bridges" and many other volumes in the same department of belles-lettres. Belongs to engineering societies all over the world, including the Kogaku Kyokai of Japan. Is Knight Commander of the Order of the Rising Sun. Holds the Second-Class Order of the Sacred Treasure of Japan and the Second-Class Order of Chiao Ho, or Sacred Grain, of China. The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia honored him with the First-Class Order of the Société de Bienfaisance for his services on the Trans-Alaska-Siberian Railway project.

10. Percy Mackaye, poet—You know all about him.

11. William Fortune, civic worker—Born at Boonville, Indiana, in 1863. Worked on the Indianapolis *Journal* and the Indianapolis *News*. Originator of the Commercial Club of Indianapolis, 1890; originator of the Chamber of Commerce of Indiana, 1894; originator of the Indiana Good Roads Movement of 1892; originator of the Indianapolis War Chest. Was "chairman com. in charge of dinner given by friends throughout the country in honor of James Whitcomb Riley in last year of poet's life." Was "presented with loving cup, 1898, by 100 citizens of Indianapolis, headed by Benjamin Harrison, 'in recognition of services in promoting the general welfare of the city.' " Was "commended for public services as a citizen in letters from President Coolidge and Pres. O'Leary of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, which were read at a dinner given in his honor by 200 fellow citizens, July, 1926, also presented with medal 'in recognition of notable service to humanity in time of war and peace.' "

12. The Reverend Father Francis William Rolt-Wheeler, editor, lecturer, stock-raiser, author, of Boston and Tunis—Lectured in the New York public schools on the scientific achievements of the United States Government. Wrote "The Boy with the United States Survey," "The Boy with the United States Fisheries," "The Boy with the United States Life-Savers," "The Boy with the United States Mail," "The Boy with the United States Secret Service," "The Boy with the United States Weather Man," "The Boy with the United States Diplomats," "The Boy with the United States Census," "The Gem Hunters," "The Wreck Hunters," "The Tusk Hunters," "The News Hunters," "The Wonder of War on Land," "The Wonder of War at Sea," "The Wonder of War in the Holy Land," and thirty-four other boys' books; "Nimrod," a poetic drama; "The Beyond," and other works for the theatre; "The Philosophy of Astrology," "The Flaming Scourge—Attila." Edited "The Science-History of the Universe," ten volumes; "The University Faculties Home Course in Literature, Arts, and Sciences," ten volumes, and "The Fact Book." Also author of many musical compositions.

13. Frederick Ludwig Hoffman, statistician—Author of "Pauper Burials and the Interment of the Dead in Large Cities," "Windstorm and Tornado Insurance," "Fatal Accidents in Coal Mining," "Annual Record of Homicide and Suicide." Authority on earthquake hazards and occupational diseases.

14. The Reverend Dr. William Elliot Griffis, clergyman—Born in Philadelphia in 1843. Went to Japan in 1870 to organize schools and became professor of physics in the Imperial University. Later pastor of the First Reformed Church of Schenectady and other churches. Author of "The Unmannerly Tiger and Other Korean Tales," "Was Brant at Wyoming?," "Mighty England—Our Old Home," "The Lily among Thorns," "Brave Little Holland and What She Taught Us." Has collected the money for and reared seventeen historical tablets: two in Schenectady, five in Ithaca, and ten in the Netherlands.

15. The Reverend Dr. Edwin Courtlandt Dinwiddie, temperance advocate—Born at Springfield, Ohio, in 1867. Past president of the Ohio Young Men's Prohibition League; Grand Counsellor of the International

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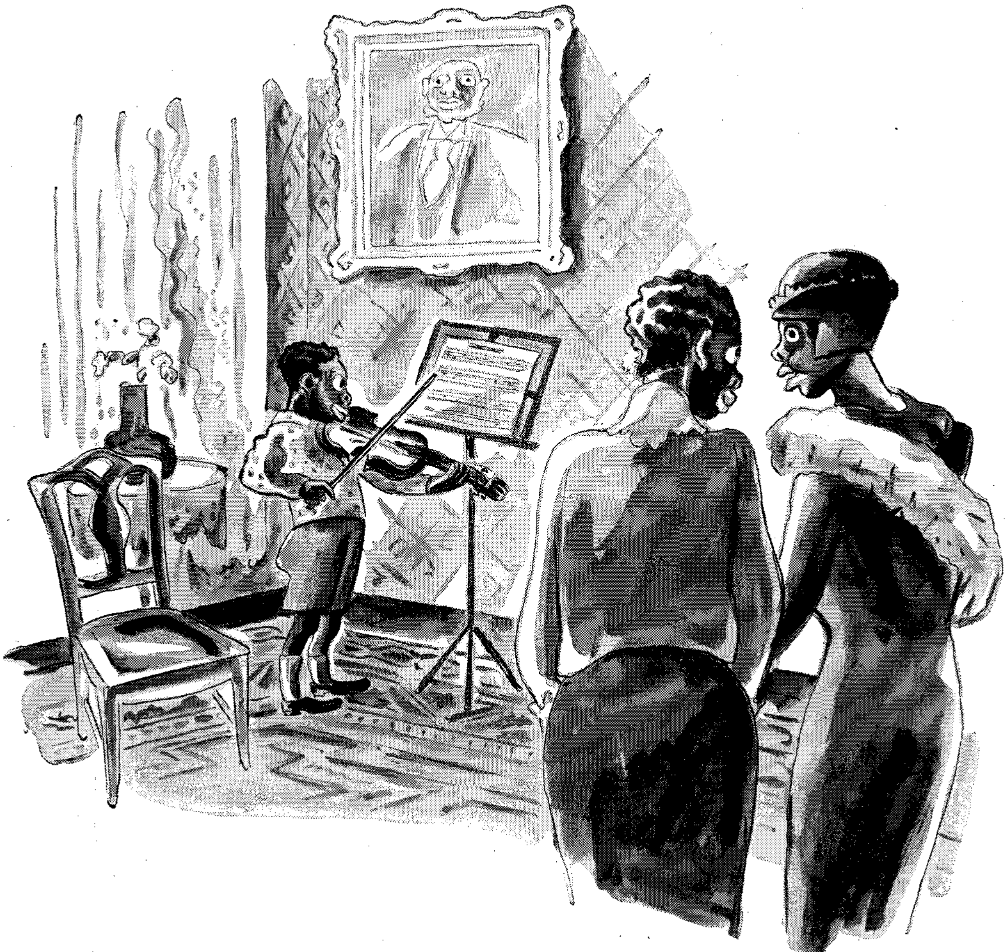
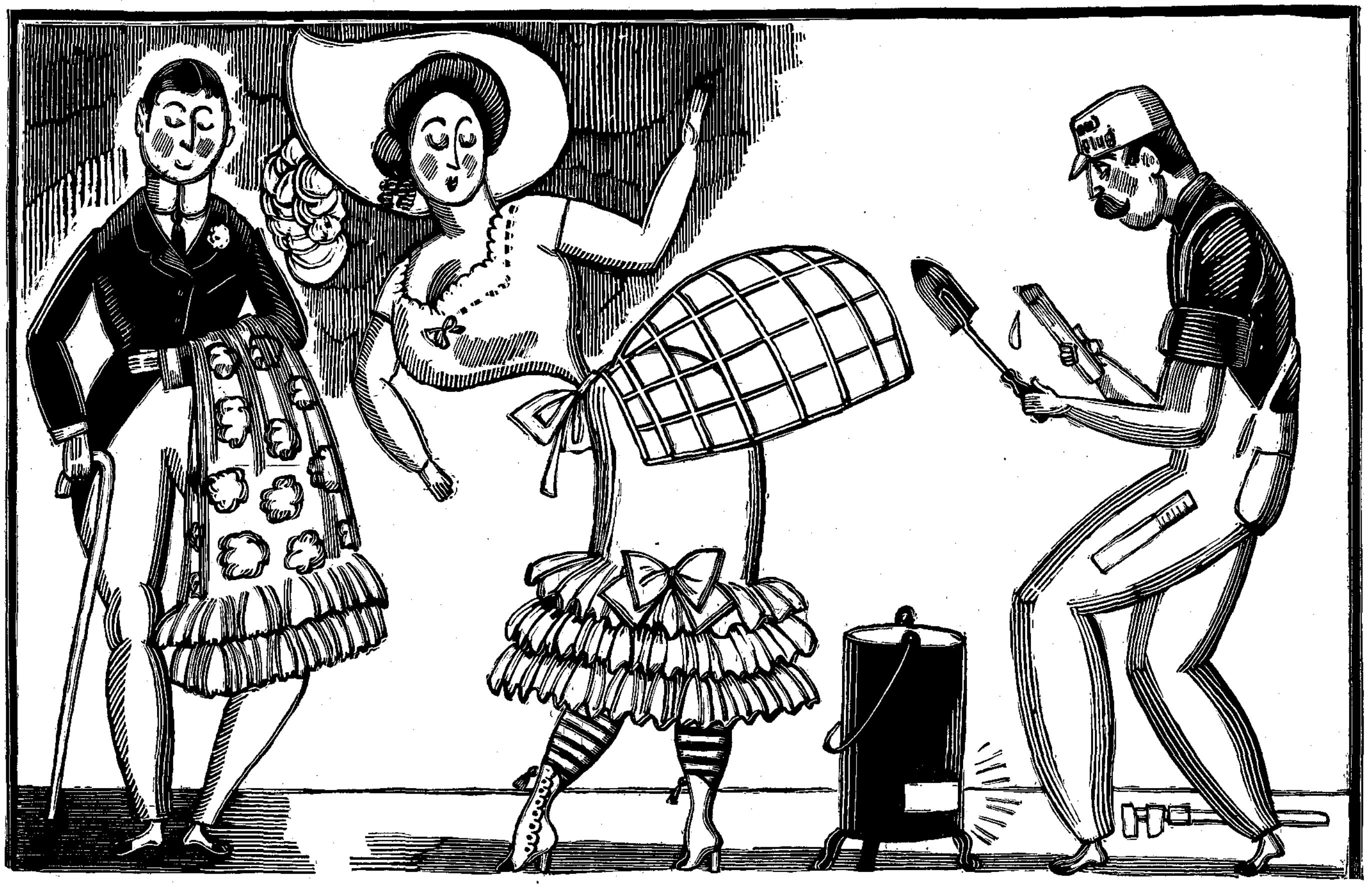


"How is Jascha getting on, Mrs. Johnson?"



FROM THE GARDEN OF MEMORY

SOLDERING the BUSTLE

ENG BY JOHN HELD JR. BY ARRANGEMENT WITH JOHN HELD JR

• •

Order of Good Templars; Grand Chief Templar of the D.C.I.O.G.T.; Grand Electoral Superintendent of Ohio I.O.G.T.; Legislative Superintendent of the National G.L.I.O.G.T. Had charge of "successful effort to prohibit army canteen, and proposed and secured appropriations by Congress of over $5,000,000 for buildings at army posts for recreative and social purposes for enlisted men." Was "U. S. Govt. del. internat. congresses against alcoholism, London, The Hague, Milan, Lausanne, Copenhagen, 1909, 11, 13, 21 and 23 resptvly;" "directed campaign for national constitutional prohibition amendment, resulting in initial vote of 197 for submission to the states, Dec. 1914;" "directed campaign for nat. constl. proh. amendment which passed U. S. Senate and Ho. of Rep., 1917, and enforcement code, 1919."

WHO'S WHO squanders less space on women. Dr. Dinwiddie, in fact, leads the foremost woman, Dr. B. Rosalie Slaughter Morton of New York, by twelve lines. Dr. Morton was decorated nine times for war services, has been a delegate to a formidable list of conventions, and has invented nine surgical appliances.

Grace Gallatin Seton, second with fifty-five lines, is the author of "If You Were I and I Were You, Sweetheart," "Love Is a Blossom," and other songs; "A Woman Tenderfoot in the Rockies," "Nimrod's Wife," and "Yes, Lady Saheb;" also "travelled alone in out-of-the-way places in India, Assam, Northern Africa, China, and South America."

Fifty-four lines go to Mrs. Margaret Dreier Robins, social economist and civic worker of New York, Chicago, and Hernando County, Florida. Fifty-one lines go to Mary Boyce Temple of Knoxville, Tennessee, president, chairman, and organizer of an incredible number of organizations. Fifth, with fifty lines, is Eva March Tappan of Worcester, Massachusetts, author of "Ella, a Little School-Girl of the 'Sixties," "Barry, the Dog Hero of the St. Bernard Pass," "The House with the Silver Door," "Makers of Many Things," and other works.

Some of the giants of 1929 had better make the most of it while they can. A shake-up among the immortals is due when *Who's Who* comes out again this spring.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

•

THE ESCAPE

Going from us at last,
He gave himself forever
Unto the mudded nest,
Unto the dog and the beaver.

Sick of the way we stood,
He pondered upon flying,
Or envied the triple thud
Of horses' hooves; whose neighing

Came to him sweeter than talk,
Whereof he too was tired.
No silences now he broke,
No emptiness explored.

Going from us, he never
Sent one syllable home.
We called him wild; but the plover
Watched him, and was tame.

—MARK VAN DOREN

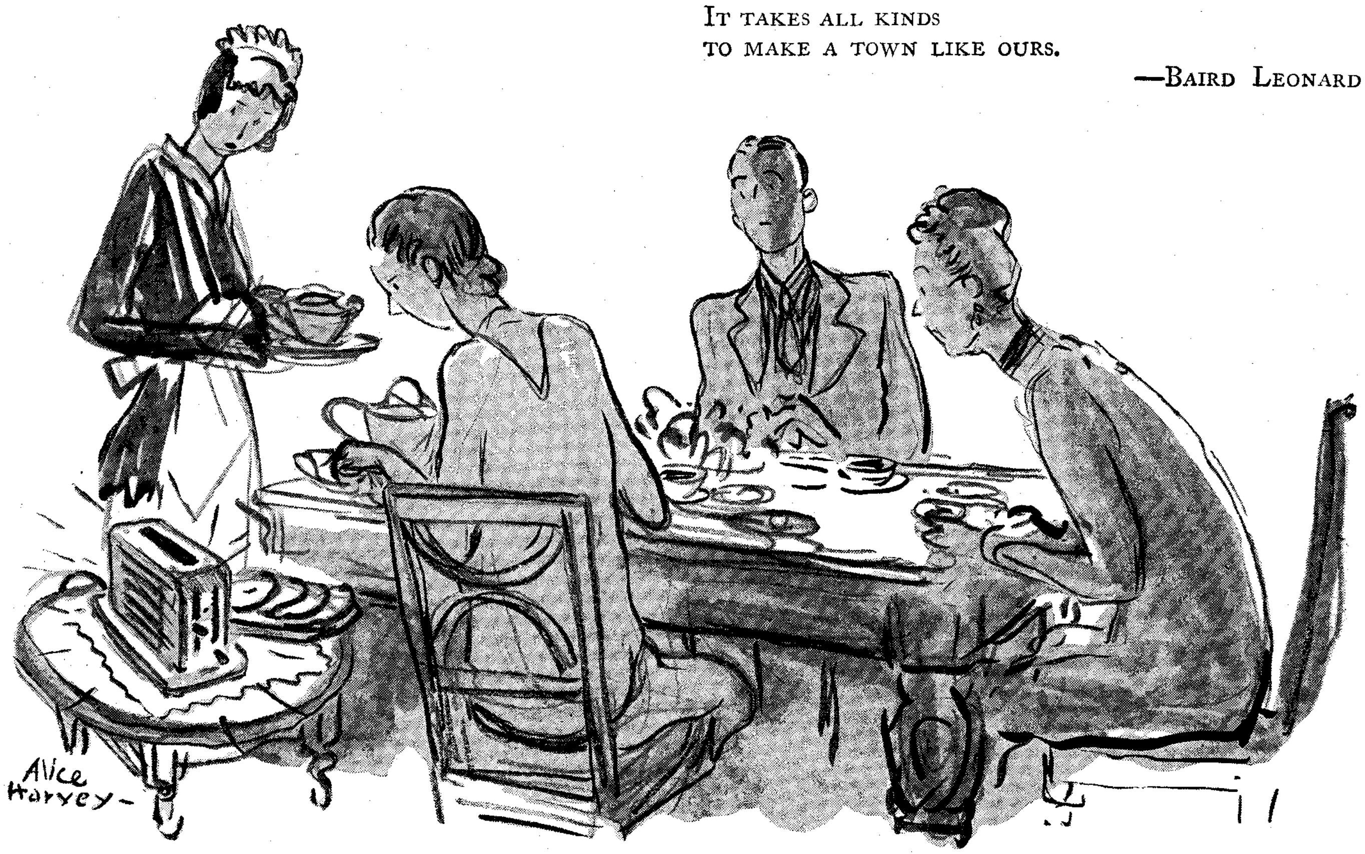
METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

THERE is, for instance, The Welcome Guest.
She has seen to the arrival of her own luggage, and does not require a locksmith to open it.
She puts in no long-distance calls the minute she enters the house.
All her clothes were dry-cleaned before she came,
And she can descend to dinner the first night without asking for anything to be pressed.
She lets the society editors find out her presence in town for themselves.
She can be given a cocktail without creating a Situation,
And has no religious convictions which so color her table talk
That your son just home from college is driven out into the night for his dinner.
She can get past the salad without demanding a cigarette.
She is not on a diet.
She does not burst into tears when the tickets you have ordered for "Strictly Dishonorable" turn out to be for "Inspector Kennedy."
The American Wing, the Chrysler Building, the Holland Tunnel, etc., are more names to her than objects of immediate interest.
She has no addresses of obscure restaurants where she has heard the food is excellent,
And she knows what she wants to eat when you take her into publics of your own choosing.
She has no shopping to do for her fellow townswomen, no pale young men at tea time, and no old schoolmates to be asked to luncheon.
She has left her darling little dog at home and does not miss him audibly.
Her infrequent errors at bridge are not self-condoned by something which Mr. Work probably did not say when he was in Hartford.
She has brought her own evening wrap and galoshes.
Your husband, with but slight insistence, is willing to take her to the opera.
She can read a newspaper without leaving it in a wind-blown condition, and she does not put down glasses on magazines and new novels under the impression that she is proving herself house-broken.
The servants are pleasantly conscious, if at all, that she is an addition to the family.
If she has been to Spain or Russia, her policy is to let you find out about those countries for yourself through travel or the *National Geographic*,
And if she has recently been in hospital, she is perfectly recovered and anxious to forget it.
The Welcome Guest prefers to go on her own errands unaccompanied and never wants to know where she can get a cheque cashed.
She not only thinks New York is a fine place to visit, but wishes she could live here for the remainder of her life,
And is far more conscious of the day of her departure than you are.
When it comes, she gets off quietly without leaving her pet nailfile or one boudoir slipper to be parcel-posted after her,
And also without innocently embezzling your first edition of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" . . . .
She is seldom a relative.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

—BAIRD LEONARD



"No, it's not ready yet, Laura. Remember, the toaster knows."

OF ALL THINGS

CIRO TERRANOVA, the big artichoke man, was nabbed at police headquarters while on his way to give himself up. There is a lesson in this for the killer of Rothstein. Anybody can get arrested if he really tries.

•

Like Premier MacDonald, this department is in favor of the abolition of battleships. Let's lose the dogs of war.

•

Some of our more peevish speculators are cold to Mr. Hoover's complaint about the Presidential hair shirt. A man, they say, is pretty lucky to have any shirt at all.

•

National prohibition was ten years old last week and many pleasant parties were thrown in honor of the day. All agree that the little fellow is too young to work.

•

The Fox Film Company is borrowing thirty-five million dollars to get itself out of hock. This is what is known in the trade as the dawn of a brighter day.

•

An earthquake is reported in Southern California. Happily it was not severe enough to cause any damage or to be called a fire.

•

Gene Tunney is rapidly recovering from his operation. It won't be long now until the doctors can hand him back to the lawyers.

•

It is now evident that football cannot be reformed this year. Nothing much can be done while the colleges continue the manufacture and distribution of old grads.

•

The sugar lobbyists had no visible effect upon legislation but they were handsomely paid for their work. They had, as we say in France, an excellent *sucre* list.

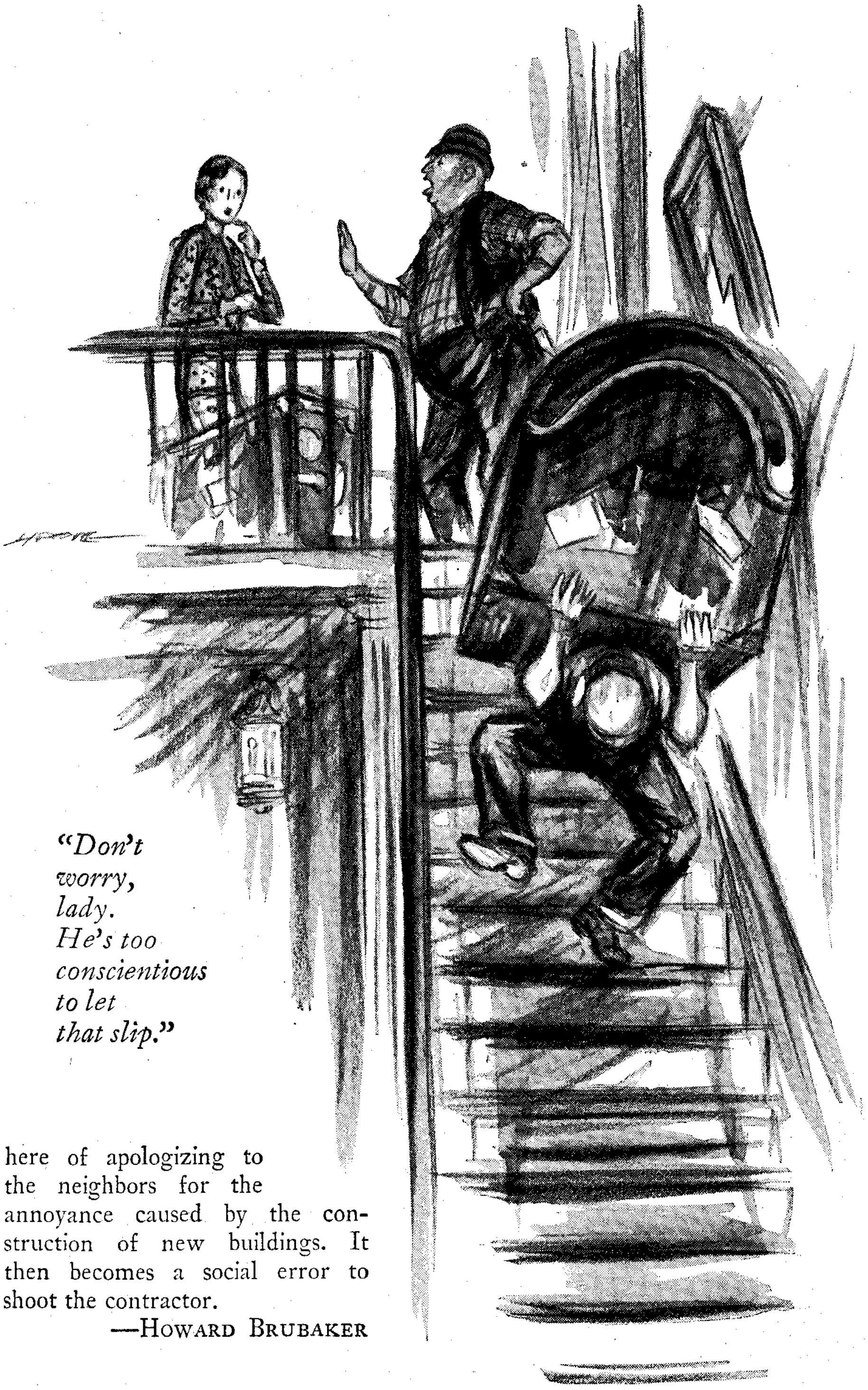
•

The National Bureau of Economic Research finds that thirty-nine per cent of our people support the rest. The rest rest.

•

A charming custom has grown up here of apologizing to the neighbors for the annoyance caused by the construction of new buildings. It then becomes a social error to shoot the contractor.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



"Don't worry, lady. He's too conscientious to let that slip."

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WHIMSIES OF THE BENCH

Extraordinary Court Sentences, Garnered from Recent Press Accounts

LOCALE	DEFENDANT	CRIME	SENTENCE
Sacramento	Ethel Notley	Started fire with discarded cigarette	6 smokeless months.
Buffalo	Albert Lucas	Petit larceny	20 Sundays in jail.
Orange, N. J.	Joe Tate	Intoxication	1 church attendance.
New York	Laura Carlier	Reckless driving	3 drinkless years.
Kansas City	Three youths	Theft of car	25 successive Sunday School attendances.
Minneapolis	Louis Nelson	Possession of liquor	5 minutes in jail.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

POLICE ARE BAFFLED

NEW YORK CITY (A.P.)—At 4 P.M. yesterday afternoon the hundred or more guests at City Commissioner Oscar Fisher's Lawn Party were surprised to see four roughly dressed men engaged in setting up what appeared to be machine guns at each of the entrances commanding the garden. Their surprise quickly turned to dismay when there was a burst of firing and six of the guests fell to the ground riddled with bullets. After a brief inspection of their handiwork and a warning to the guests not to follow them unless they "wanted to catch a couple of slugs," the intruders folded up the guns and drove off in a police patrol wagon which had been standing outside the garden.

The dead, all of whom are said to have been intimate friends and business associates of Commissioner Fisher, were: Babe Venus, 30, pugilist; Tullio (Eyes) Desdemona, 40, soft-drink manufacturer; Al Gowanus, 29, private-inquiry agent; Henry Vincetini, 17, occupation unknown; Ed Bismarck, 39, horse-trainer; and John (Scrag) Lewis, 35, restaurant proprietor. The addresses of the deceased could not be learned.

Detectives John Ambrosia and Nicholas Wentworth, of the Homicide Squad, who were guarding the gate at which the gunmen entered, said that the trio were well-known at police headquarters. Under examination by Chief of Police Underwood, the detectives stated that they had had some hesitancy in letting the assassins into the garden until told to do so by John (Dead Pan) Paradisio, a prominent figure in the underworld and the man who had arranged the party, which was being held in honor of the City Commissioner's golden wedding anniversary.

"Paradisio come up while I was arguing with these mugs," Ambrosia said, "and told me to let 'em in. 'Leave the boys be,' he said. 'They got work to do.' "

Ambrosia said that both he and Wentworth had suggested taking the machine guns away from the intruders before admitting them to the garden, but were dissuaded from doing so by Commissioner Fisher, who feared that "trouble" might result if the men met with any interference.

John (Cokey) Flynn, a guest at the party, offered what may be an explanation of the shooting when he testified voluntarily before Chief Underwood this afternoon.

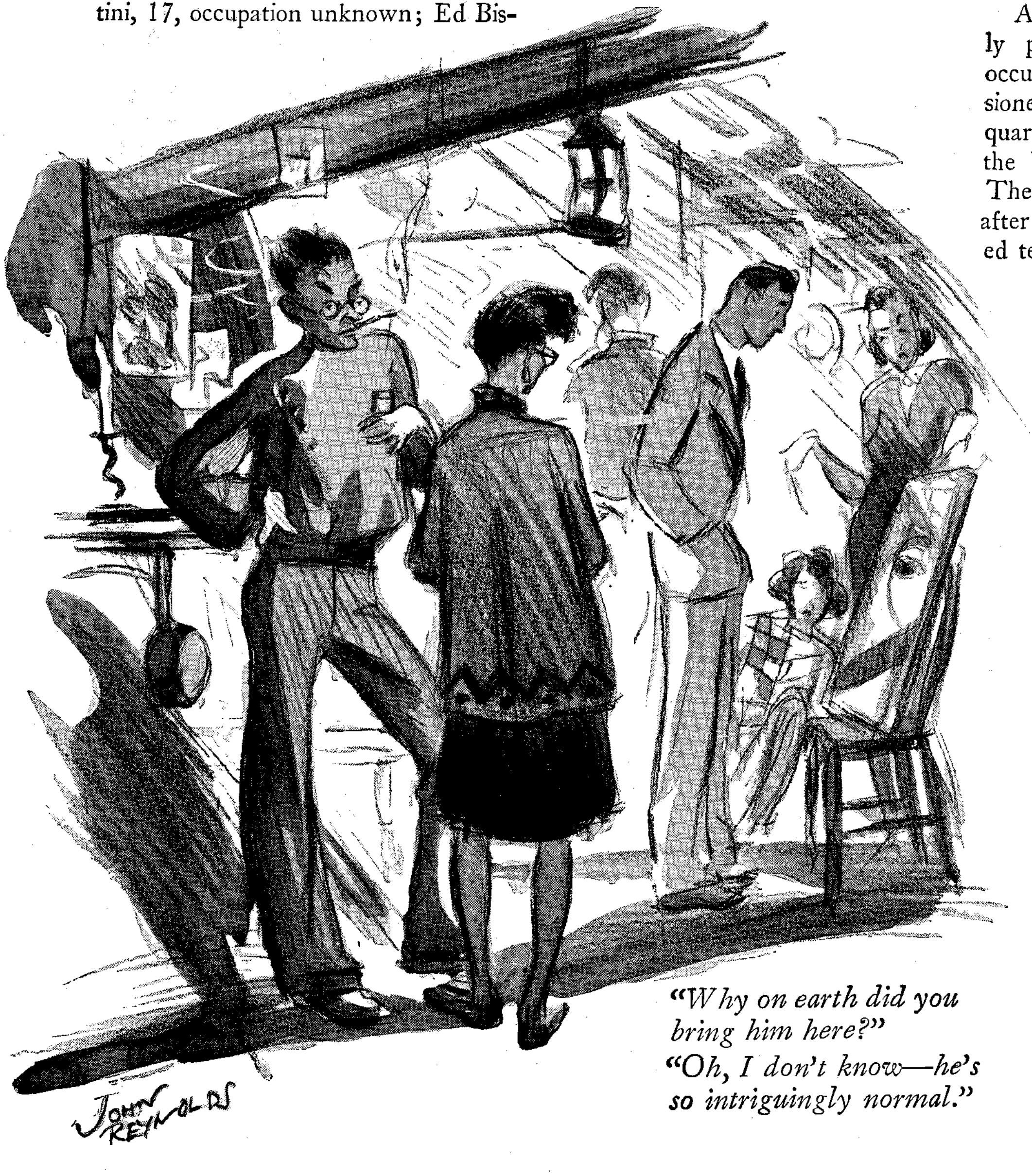
"Paradisio framed the killing," he said. "He was out to get Scrag Lewis for hijacking him. He had them three guns under contract for some other killing, but when he seen Lewis come in, he phoned 'em to come over here. Paradisio don't even know them other five babies that got bumped off. They just got in the way. It was an accident."

A telephone call to Paradisio's home, at 1810½ Fifth Avenue, in an attempt to verify this story, proved fruitless. Mrs. Paradisio, who answered the call, said that her husband had gone out to his Long Island estate for the week-end, and could not be reached. She also said that neither she nor her husband knew Lewis, whom she described as a "lousy double-crossing bum."

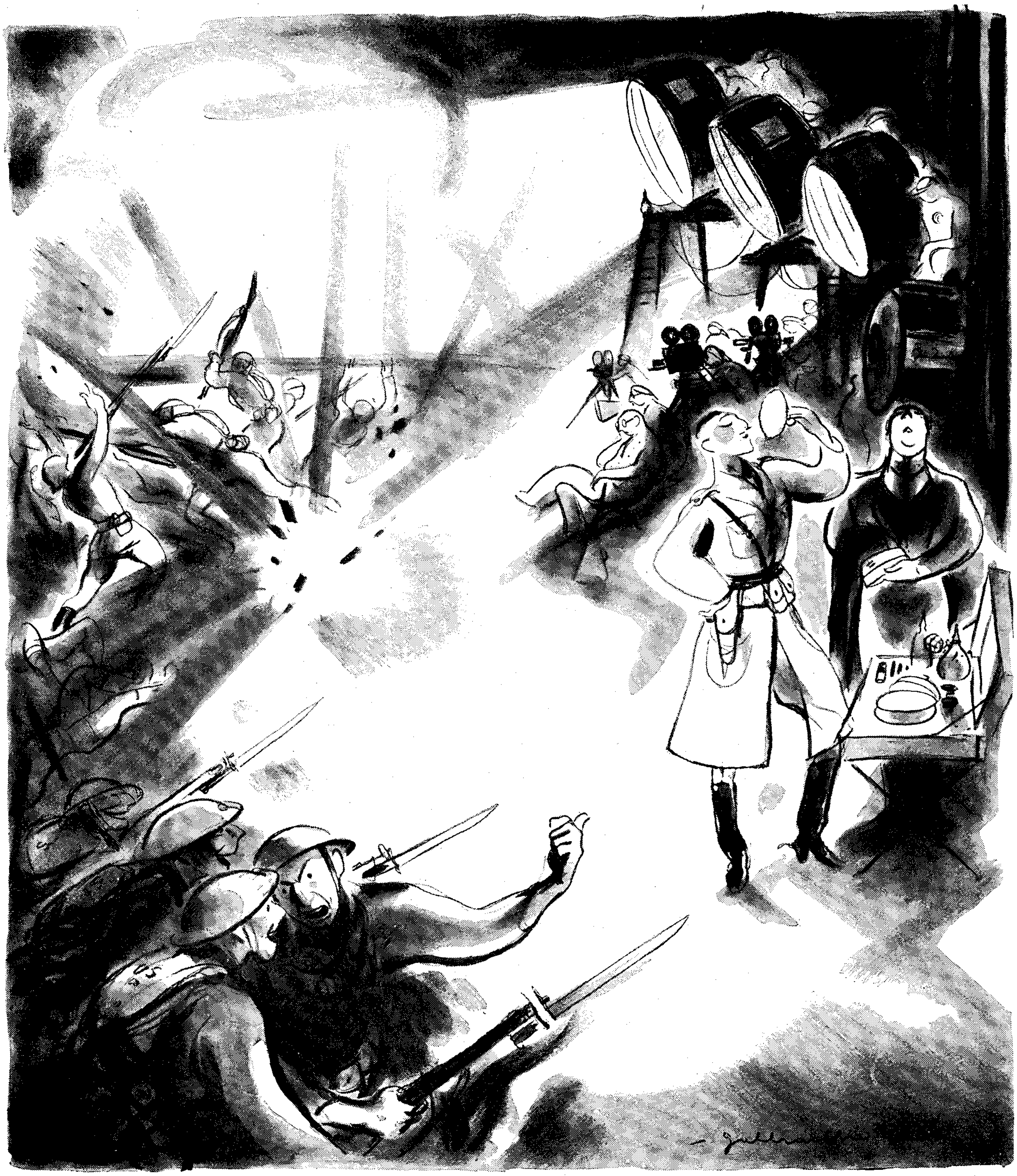
Another incident that may eventually prove useful to the police also occurred this afternoon when Commissioner Fisher drove up to Police Headquarters in the patrol wagon in which the bandits had made their getaway. The Commissioner said that shortly after the shooting he received an unsigned telegram stating that he would find the patrol wagon buried in a pile of ashes behind his garage. On investigating he found this to be the case, washed the car, and brought it to police headquarters. Unfortunately, however, he did not preserve the telegram.

Commissioner Fisher said that while he understood that Paradisio had been under indictment at various times for homicide and burglary, it was his impression that the Italian was a florist.

According to newspaper records Paradisio has been held several times by the police for questioning. Last year he was suspected of complicity in the dynamiting of the Biltmore Hotel when blueprints of the building and several tons of explosive were found in the cellar of his Fifth Avenue home. Prior to that there was an attempt to link him with the shooting of Jake Hamberg, Broadway gambler, after several witnesses testified to having seen his red



"Why on earth did you bring him here?"
"Oh, I don't know—he's so intriguingly normal."



"Gawd, ain't it just like the real stuff! We do all the fightin' an' that dude will get all the credit."

• •

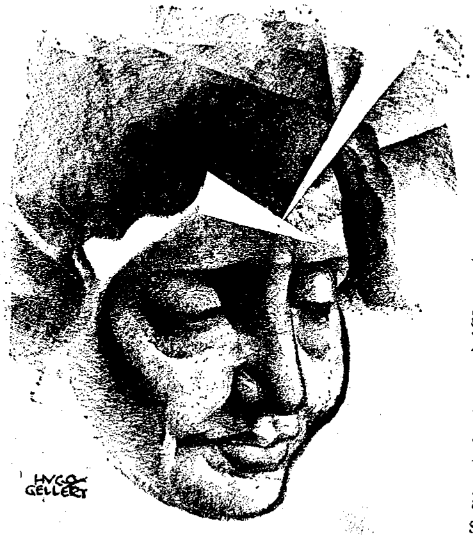
armored car leave the Grand Central Station, where the murder took place, a few minutes after Hamberg's death. Both these cases were subsequently dropped for lack of evidence. Searching for further evidence of Paradisio's underworld activities, several reporters visited police headquarters, where complete records both of known and suspected criminals are kept on file. Unfortunately, however, both Paradisio's finger-print card and the folder devoted to his record were missing and could not be found.

In a statement to reporters this evening Chief of Police Underwood said that he expects to leave in a day or two for Harrisburg, Pa., where he hopes to get information that will give the police some inkling of the identity of the criminals.

—Wolcott Gibbs

PROFILES

BLIND . . . DEAF . . . DUMB



Helen Keller

WITHOUT question, one of the major events of the year 1904, at least as far as the general public was concerned, was the graduation of Helen Adams Keller from Radcliffe College. A few doctors and students in the field of her affliction had been watching the history of her progress for years, but outside this narrow circle there were few who had ever even heard of the young lady, and to all the others the news of her achievement, breaking suddenly, had about it something of the qualities of a miracle.

Here was a girl—an American girl too!—blind, deaf, dumb: she had learned to talk; she had found the use of her intelligence, and had used it to such good purpose that she had earned a B. A. degree in an American institute of learning, "with," it was stated, "especial mention for her excellence in English Literature."

The accomplishment had, of course, its aspects of lasting importance. It demonstrated finally that the deaf, dumb, and blind need not necessarily, by reason of the curtailment of their senses, be classed as idiots, as the law had for so long termed them. It implied that by better training methods all persons so handicapped might be given a normal education.

But in general people gave little consideration to the remoter implications in what she had done. To them, Helen Keller was unique and marvellous. Her feat was felt to be heroic, superhuman: contemplating it, they experienced the same vicarious elation as when an American girl swims the Channel.

Newspapers printed stories about her on the front page. The *Ladies' Home Journal* presented her autobiography. In the next few years, her books—"Optimism," "The Story of My Life," "The World I Live In"—were published, and sold widely. She lectured; wherever she went, crowds gathered to gaze curiously at her. She bought a house at Wrentham, Massachusetts, with some sort of agrarian experiment in mind; reporters crowded after her. The officials at Radcliffe, who had shown no special anxiety to get her into college, expressed themselves as proud of her. Society took her up; she dined out, she went on yachting cruises.

But she had a stubbornness of intention through it all. Andrew Carnegie asked if it were true that she was a Socialist. She said she was. He said he ought to spank her. Later, he offered her an annuity of twenty-five hundred dollars a year. She declined, but he said he would let the offer stand for a while, "on probation." The Queen of Rumania invited her to join a movement whereby the blind-deaf were to be segregated in a little community of their own, to be called (appropriately enough to a lady whose pen name was Carmen Sylva) by the Latin name of "Vatra Luminosa:" in English, Luminous Hearth. Helen Keller refused to have anything to do with it; the Queen was hurt, and never wrote to her again.

She hurt a good many people's feelings—people in whose plans she felt she detected a pitying or patronizing attitude toward the blind-deaf. Her point of view was diametrically opposite. She was opposed to segregating, coddling. She believed that the unfortunates should be taught to rely as much as possible on themselves. She was convinced that what she had done, others could do, and she felt that a great part of her own struggles had been in combating the eleemosynary attitude, the refusal on all sides to regard her, within her limitations, as a normal human being. "My whole desire has been to have my own door key," she said, "and go and come like people who can see."

Perhaps she was wrong in this. Certainly she has proved her point in her own case, but the philosophy is that of the strong for the weak. Her own capacities are far greater than the average: it may be that there were others, weaker-willed and weaker-witted, who needed more supervision than she, in her youth at least, seemed willing to allot them.

But that was her opinion, and she stuck to it, and people went away with that baffled resentment of those whose charitable gestures have been put aside. There was a backwash of criticism following her fame: magnified reports of her wealth, her grand life, made it easier to characterize her as hardboiled. As a matter of fact, the Wrentham experiment lost money from the start; after several years' struggle the farm was sold. Illness, in the end, forced her to accept the Carnegie annuity. Continued after his death, it is still her chief source of income.

SHE was born, a normal child, in Tuscumbia, Alabama, on June 27, 1880. Her father, Arthur Keller, was a prominent man in the community, the editor of the *North Alabamian* and the owner of a large estate. He was, however, in the condition typical of many southerners at the time: he was land-poor. Consequently when, at the age of nineteen months, an illness left Helen blind, deaf, and dumb, there was little he could do about it. The disease had been diagnosed as brain fever; according to the common theory of the time, it was believed to have left her an idiot.

She grew into childhood, wild and unruly—giggling and chuckling to express pleasure; kicking, scratching, uttering the choked screams of the deaf-mute to indicate the opposite. It was not until the Cleveland administration, in 1888, appointed her father district marshal of Alabama, with a salary of six thousand dollars a year, that he had money enough to provide expert care for the child. He wrote to the Perkins Institute at Boston, and a young teacher, Miss Anne Sullivan, was sent down to be Helen's companion and teacher. When she arrived, Helen was eight years old, but practically it was the beginning of all life for her. The two have been inseparable companions ever since.

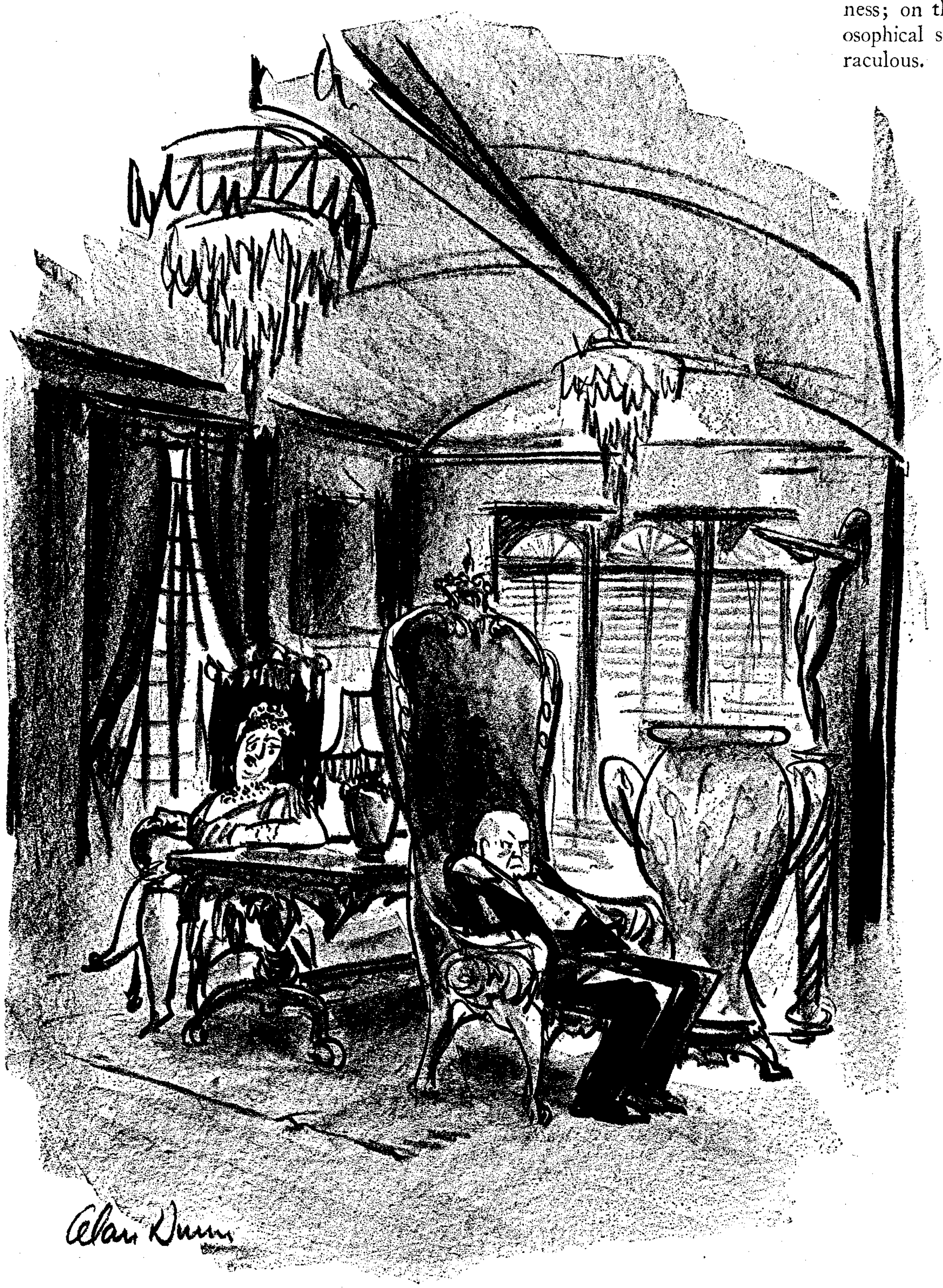
The blind children at Perkins Institute had made a doll for Miss Sullivan to give to Helen Keller. She began her training with that. She would put the doll in Helen's hand, take it away; then she would spell "d-o-l-l," by the symbols of the "hand-manual" alphabet, into the child's palm. Finally, she would hold one hand open, and with the other hand she would move Helen's fingers to spell "d-o-l-l" into the palm again. Then, she would give her the doll to play with.

Because her illness had come at so early an age, it must be remembered, Helen Keller was to all purposes as if she had been born blind, deaf, and dumb. She had no conscious remembrance of ever having heard a sound, seen a light, uttered a word. She had no idea of the mental process, accepted unthinkingly by all of us, through which names represent things; she hadn't the faintest conception of the intricacies of language. Except for the difference in intelligence, the thing was like teaching a dog—but one who could neither see nor hear—to perform a complicated series of meaningless tricks, each at a different hand-signal. Nevertheless, she finally got the idea. By the end of a month, she had learned (since she had never even seen her fingers, it was purely by muscle-memory) to spell a few simple words: "c-a-n-d-y," "a-p-p-l-e," "s-p-o-o-n," and so on.

Then began the even more difficult job—that of teaching her the idea of an alphabet. Gradually, by spelling words, by repeating single letters over and over again, her conception of names as entities was broken down, and the idea of individual letters, out of which words could be built, was substituted. It required, on the part of Miss Sullivan, a tremendous patience and resourcefulness; on the part of the child, a philosophical spark that seems almost miraculous. It took three years, but by the time that she was eleven, Helen Keller knew the alphabet, both by palm-manual and Braille raised type, and could read and write.

BY now, Miss Sullivan was convinced that she had in her charge an exceptional child, and when the rumor reached her that somewhere in Sweden a dumb child had been taught to talk, she decided to try it on Helen. The method she devised was based on the classification of all sounds as nasal, labial, and guttural. Accordingly, the child was taught to place her thumb on the speaker's throat, the first two fingers on the lips, and the third at the side of the nose. In this way she learned first to recognize the various sounds, and then to pronounce them. The first sentence she learned to speak was: "I am not dumb now." It is one of those simple statements to which circumstances can give an epic quality. Since then, in lectures, and recently in movietone, the two women have demonstrated the process of instruction hundreds of times. Always the climax, when Helen repeats in her queer, laboring voice, "Ah-eee ammm nnnot ha-dummm nnnowoo!" is infinitely moving.

The rest of her training went rapidly. By the time she was in her teens she



"Please, dear! You were whistling. Don't make life any harder."

had caught up with the normal scale of education; she entered Radcliffe at the age of twenty. Anne Sullivan went with her, spelling lectures into her hand, reading lesson assignments aloud while Helen fingered her lips. They were never parted. Anne Sullivan fell in love with John Macy, the poet and critic, and was married to him. The three moved to Wrentham together, to live. Later, Mrs. Macy and her husband separated. She remained with Helen.

THEY live now at 93 Seminole Avenue, in Forest Hills. The house is their own; they bought it with the proceeds of the sale of the farm at Wrentham. Mrs. Macy herself is now past sixty, and her own eyesight is failing: some fifteen years ago, Miss Polly Thomson, a young Scotch girl, with considerable experience among the blind, joined the family, to manage the household and the business affairs.

Although her present life seems almost like retirement after the blaze of notoriety of a quarter-century ago, Helen Keller is still a very busy woman. Soon after she left college, the American Foundation for the Blind was formed. It was one of the few organizations with whose aims she felt herself to be in sympathy, and she has worked to help it ever since, lecturing, campaigning for legislation to help the blind. She has a considerable daily mail to attend to—not only business letters, but also those more random communications which every celebrity receives. Curiously, she seems to have more appeal for men than for women. More men than women come to her lectures; more men write to her. An inventor, suddenly seized with the idea that this blind-deaf woman must be terrified by the machines, offers to guide her through a factory; the captain of an ocean liner sends her a little compass, its points marked in Braille type; a traveller, viewing the Pyramids, writes to Helen Keller about them.

She is now forty-nine years old. Her hair is graying; in figure she is stocky rather than tall. Her profile has a sharp, Grecian elegance, but seen full, her face is a little wider, the features more heavily formed, than from the side view one might expect. Her eyes are blue, and have none of the lack-lustre look usual to the blind. When she talks, they take on animation; they gaze at you with what seems a seeing glance.

She likes to talk, to be with people. With friends, she puts her fingers on their lips and "reads" their words. It is only necessary to enunciate clearly for her to understand. She repeats each sentence after them, to make sure. Her own speech is difficult to understand only as would be that of a foreigner a little uncertain of his accent. She lingers on certain consonants as a Spaniard might, and the voice comes with a breathing sound, as if she had to force the utterance. She still calls Mrs. Macy "Teacher," and she is still studying with her. "You swallow your words," Teacher will say, and Helen, with a little frown of concentration, reads the words after her: "Ee-you soowalllowoo ee-yourr worrrdz." Her gestures, as she speaks, have a curious, curbed vehemence.

She talks bookishly. Never having heard a voice, she has never learned the easy vocabulary of ordinary intercourse. To express her ideas, she falls back on the phrases she has learned from books, and uses words that sound stilted, poetical metaphors. "Mine is a reasonably happy life. I have the immeasurable fires of the mind for light," she will say, as one would remark, "I have a good time on the whole." It is perhaps because of this habit of phraseology that many people attribute to her a sentimentality of outlook which neither her life nor her writings would justify.

Thus, she has no illusions as to the various sixth senses which are often, with awe, attributed to the blind. She lays no claim to being able to tell colors by touch, and she admits to a very poor sense of direction. Recent tests by Doctor Frederick Tilney, the neurologist, and a group of Columbia professors, indicate that, fundamentally, her senses of touch, taste, and smell are hardly better than the average.

She has, however, developed a certain acuteness in interpreting these perceptions. She can tell, by the sense of smell, whether she is entering a church, a house, a public building; similarly, passing a shop door, she can often tell what goods are sold there, by their odor. She can feel the vibrations of various instruments, and distinguish the rhythm of the music, by touch. The poet, Carl Sandburg, is an old friend of hers, and she enjoys his visits especially because he brings his banjo and plays old folk tunes for her; she touches the rim of the instrument with her fingertips and "reads" the melodies. No matter how her friends may try to hide it, she can tell when one is cross, or nervous, or gay, by the almost imperceptible differences in the way their hands touch hers. But she often goes wrong in other things: for years, Mrs. Macy has been trying to explain to her that radiators do not give out light, and she has never got the matter straight yet. To her, light and heat are still the same.

HER whole life has been a struggle to come as near to self-reliance as her limitations would permit. Camping last summer at a lake near the Canadian border, she insisted on having ropes strung along the paths and out into the water, so that she could walk and swim by herself. At home, she is almost completely independent. She dresses and undresses herself. Her desk is her own; she types her own manuscripts, keeps them in order. She washes dishes; she eats unaided; afternoons, she walks back and forth in the garden at the side of the house, with no one but Hans, the Great Dane dog, for company.

She is essentially gay, spirited, sturdy. Inevitably, she must know moments of the most intolerable depression, and the blacker in that no sight nor sound can penetrate to distract her. Such moods she hides. She permits no one to pity her. On the other hand, she must have depths of meditation, of philosophical enjoyment, which we who live so much closer to the surface can never know. As for the more trivial pleasures, she has them, too. She plays solitaire, using cards with raised markings; she plays checkers, on a board whose squares are dug out in hollows to receive the pieces. She "listens," by the touch of her fingers, to the radio; sometimes she goes to the theatre, with Mrs. Macy or Polly Thomson along to spell the action into her hand as the play progresses.

This last enjoyment, however, always has its aftermath. Always, after a show, she dreams, fitfully and tormentedly, trying vainly to picture the progress of the drama she has been told about, but can never see.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Mrs. Wm. Maidment is better at this writing but is still under Dr. Tarter's car.—*Bentley (Mich.) Star.*

She can't be *much* better.

THE THEATRE

SATIRE TO MUSIC

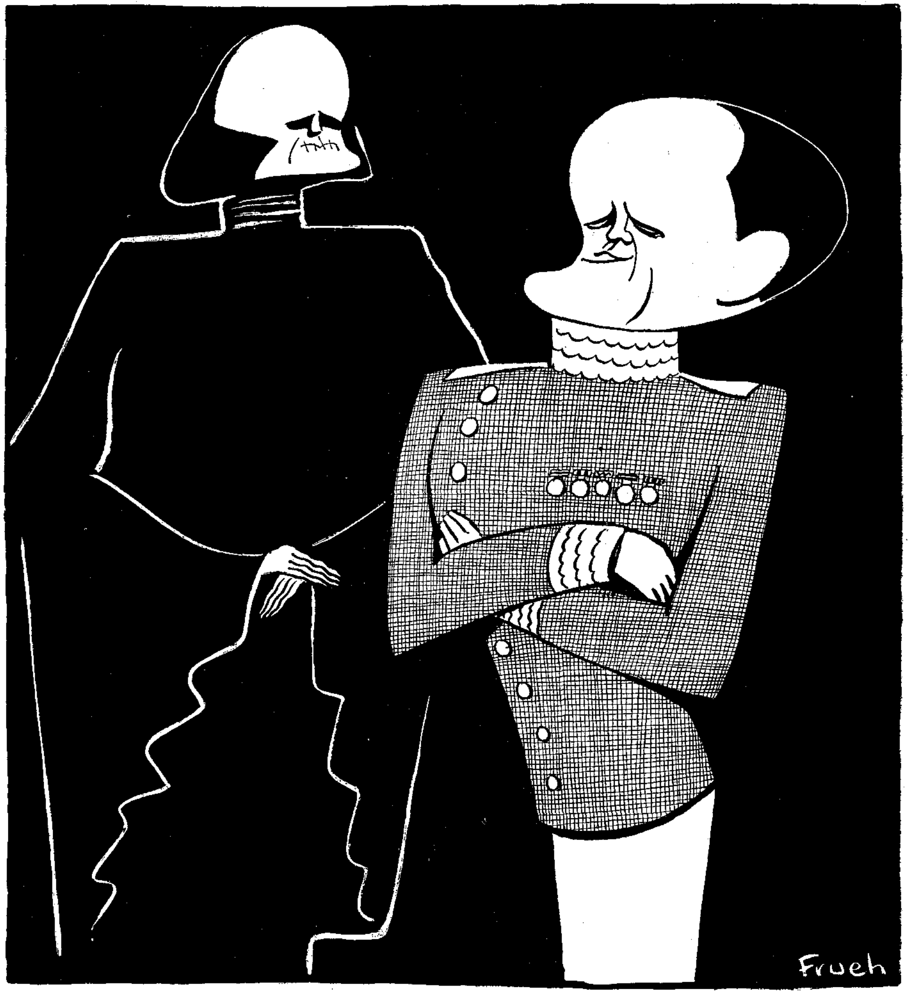
THERE is a great deal more to "Strike Up the Band" than comical gags and nice music. For one act, at least, it is about as devastating satire as has been allowed on the local boards for a long time. I say "allowed" because only a little over eleven years ago it would have landed Messrs. Ryskind, Gershwin, and Selwyn in Leavenworth. Kidding war and war-makers is a sport for which there is an open season and a closed season. The open season is only during those intervals when nobody happens, for the moment, to be wanting to make a war.

The story (originally written by George S. Kaufman and now revised by Morrie Ryskind) of a musical-comedy war with Switzerland over the use of Grade B milk in chocolate involves the presence of several types of super-patriot who were much in evidence in these parts during 1914-18. There were plenty of them in the audience on the opening night and some of the lines spoken for comedy must have sounded vaguely familiar to them. All members of the National Security League should be made to attend "Strike Up the Band"—and not laugh. In fact, those who have a right to laugh are only those who laughed (or cried) at the same things in the days when we were planning a war of our own. Oddly enough, Mr. Ryskind himself is one of the few who come under that heading, having had some trouble at Columbia University for saying much the same things that he is now drawing down royalties for.

Mr. Ira Gershwin's lyrics, too, would have been matter for heavy conferences among the patriotic societies of an earlier day. Any man who would write: "We don't know what we're fighting for, but it really doesn't matter" would bear watching. And incidentally, Mr. Ira Gershwin will bear watching, or listening to, today, for his lyrics are consistently literate, correct, and amusing. I need hardly call attention to the merits of his brother George, who has written for "Strike Up the Band" some of the best things he has done. It is too bad that the show did not come into town when it was first written two years ago, for the score at that time contained "The Man I Love," which later came in all by itself and won more than a passing popularity. But Mr. Gershwin's finale to the first act is fine enough to carry a show without help.

I have left until the last any mention of Bobby Clark because I am told that I made something of a display of myself at the opening by laughing so loudly. If many more newspapers in their play-reviews comment on the noise I make when I laugh I shall begin to think that there is something in it. I have now in my scrapbook four personal notices on my laugh, not all of them complimentary but all very clearly printed, and I am thinking of having them put on my personal stationery. ("Mr. Benchley's guffaws rising as a sort of overtone over the general merriment."—Arthur Ruhl in the *Herald Tribune.*)

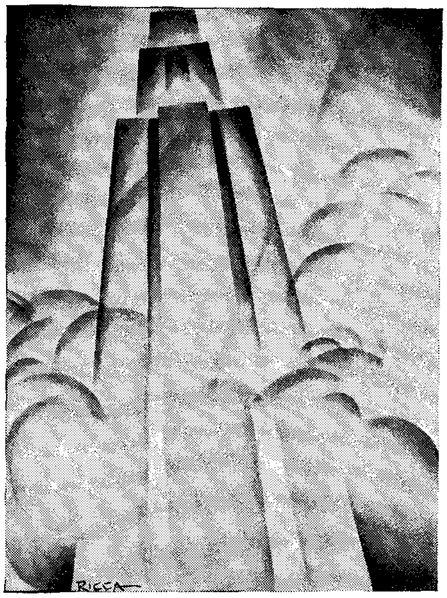
Perhaps after this I need only add that I thought Bobby Clark funny. He has turned from his old-time hand-to-hand encounters with cigar and stick (although he still carries them) and is funny without them. Some time I shall have to sit down and think out the reason why he is so funny. Right now I don't know. But to see him, in a Confederate general's coat and an admiral's hat, executing maneuvers which he counts on to make him physically attractive to a lady, is something very definite in emotional experiences. Mr. McCullough, the only straight-man in the business who dresses up like a



"DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY"

These are not really two people. They are both Philip Merivale, on the left as the Grim Reaper and on the right as the Reaper who lays off being grim for three days, and gets himself into just as bad a jam as any mortal ever did.

comic, is also present, and our old love, Blanche Ring, adds her sure touch to a picture which is already pretty darned good. The second act runs downhill quite a bit, but, having started so high up, it doesn't have time to get very far.



WHENEVER I see a young lady come on in the first act with horn-rimmed spectacles on and her hair pulled back straight behind her ears, I know that, before the show is over, she is going to come out in a beautiful frock with new coiffure and no glasses, and surprise everyone—except me. Minna Gombell does this in "Nancy's Private Affair," and the rest of the show is just about as novel. Some day I would like to see a play in which a homespun wife takes off her glasses and dresses up to win her husband back and then loses him to some woman who wears glasses and unattractive clothes. I don't suppose that I ever shall.

I would like to mention two more or less irrelevant items about "Nancy's Private Affair," since I can't say much about the play itself. One is that the characters, although listed "in the order of their appearance," do not come on in that order, so that the only one I was sure of was Stanly Ridges (who, by the way, does a great deal for comedy lines entrusted to him). The other is that, if the Vanderbilt Theatre management doesn't equip its ushers with sneakers, it would be better to hold the performances out on the sidewalk, where there is only the noise of the traffic to contend with. One of the chief objections to late-comers at the theatre in general is that the ushers make so much noise coming down the aisle with them. Still, I don't suppose that you can blame the ushers for not having much respect for the play. They have to watch it every night.

WITH Don Marquis' "Everything's Jake!" the New York Theatre Assembly comes nearer to its modest aim of producing "entertaining plays" than it has hitherto seemed able to do. In addition, it has assembled a cast which includes some excellent players who are accustomed to acting for real money in the commercial theatre, thereby taking itself out of the class of "drama movements."

Mr. Marquis' comedy suffers a little from that besetting sin of all genial humor which delights in Biblical references and fanciful flights of rustic oratory. It drags a little in spots. I have never yet known a man who told stories about Biblical characters, no matter how amusing, who didn't spin it out just a little too long. But "Everything's Jake!" has several scenes which are as funny as anything in town and which derive their fun from that very quality of which Mr. Marquis was, in the lamented days of his columning, Chief High Priest. Don Marquis is the only man who can write that sort of thing and no one else should try.

Up until the middle of the first act (there is a prologue) things do not go so merrily, but at the entrance of Ethel Morrison as the Countess of Billhorn the rest of the company swing into her pace, and the scene with her and Messrs. Hall, Kennedy, and Donnelly is what might technically be known as a "riot." This is all the more surprising when you realize that it is based on the ancient juxtaposition of an honest, bluff American democrat with the lady of the British aristocracy and that, at one point, the democrat gives the lady a resounding slap. I haven't laughed at that one for many, many years, but there is something about this slap that is startlingly fresh. There is also a scene in a Parisian sidewalk café which, considering that it is really nothing but an American ordering "*soixante*" whiskeys when he means "six," is a marvel of comedy-building.

For these two scenes alone, "Everything's Jake!" would be worth seeing. There are also excellent performances by Catherine Willard and Jean Adair, and, all in all, the Theatre Assembly's fourth venture comes through as its first really "entertaining" one.

THEY evidently decided halfway through "Phantoms" that the best thing to do would be to kid it. The decision came a little late, however, as the audience had already beaten them to it. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

HOW WE GET THAT WAY

(AFTER READING ALDOUS HUXLEY ON THE MAMMY SONG)

From mugging movie actors
With voices mechanized,
From aëroplanes and tractors,
From showgirls Ziegfeldized,
From comic strips and dramas
That never cease to spark,
From poems without commas,
From Broadway after dark,
From pacifists unpeaceful,
From mouthing militarists,
From studio teas of geese full,
From all best-seller lists,
From censors and nonsensers,
From bad biographies,
From critics swinging censers
To current sophistries,
From Wall Street and from all streets
From the Battery to the Bronx,
From skyscrapers that pall streets,
From every horn that honks,
From mammoth clubs and small clubs,
From journals, magazines,
From professional Baseball Clubs,
From "you-know-what-I-mean"s,
From dull, bright, short, and tall men,
Including women, too,
Or, in a word, from all men
I turn at last to *you*,
The only compensation for earth's insanity—
My dear ol' (tears, please!) Mammy way down in Tennessee!

—LEE WILSON DODD

•

While Gene Tunney stood on the platform in Town Hall yesterday afternoon and helped Hugh Walpole, English novelist, scribble on flyleafs presented for autographing in too great profusion by an enthusiastic audience of women, announcement went out to the press that the former heavyweight champion may have to undergo an operation for removal of a stone from one of his kidneys in a few weeks.—*The World.*

Good chance for Mr. Walpole to reciprocate.

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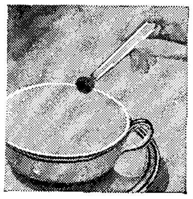
2. Put them in the cup.

3. Add hot water.

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BEAUX ARTS

NOW please, darling, you know what happened last year. Please go easy. We have all night. . . . Yes, Edna. Last year he was in as much of a hurry as he seems to be now. Well, we left here about eleven-thirty and you can imagine what he looked like, dressed as the Duc d'Orleans. Or that was what he was supposed to be.

Anyhow, we got into a cab. I had a slight buzz myself, so I wasn't paying much attention. Do you know where we ended up? At the Waldorf. Yes, the Waldorf. They were having the Old Guards' Ball. You know, the Old Guards. It's some kind of a military organization. I never can distinguish between the British War Veterans and the Old Guards and the Aviators. They're all a piece to me.

So in we stalk—or try to stalk. And of course we were stopped at the door. He handed the man his Beaux Arts tickets, and of course they weren't anything like the Old Guards ones. And they had some kind of an argument. There would have been a swell fight, too, if Ned Cook hadn't recognized him. Ned belongs to this Old Guards regiment and he happened to be standing near the door and recognized us. Of course, Ned knew we were going to the Beaux Arts, but like a fool he invited us to stay at the Old Guards for a while. So there was this handsome specimen, dressed as the Duc d'Orleans, weaving around the Waldorf, that was full of American and English and French officers and Scotsmen in kilts. Imagine the attention we attracted. By the time we got out of there it was two o'clock. As usual, I missed the pageant. I've never yet seen a Beaux Arts pageant and I insist on seeing one this year. Of course, with him dressed as a monk there's no telling what we'll get into.

—JOHN O'HARA

•

However, if the choice has been made as the result of a serious survey of the whole field of American art, with a dispassionate basis of definite conviction as to the qualities which count for artistic righteousness rather than through consideration of names, schools, or the important collections in which many works appear, or any of the other impedimenta which so often block up the way of the would-be disinterested juries of art, dissent and adverse criticism will only serve to enhance the interest of the occasion without detracting from its authority.—*Margaret Breuning in the Post.*

Maybe it will at that.

BRILLIANT, bewitching, beautiful, Lady Buchanan-Jardine leads the gay whirl of smart young English society at balls and dances, famous race meetings, hunting and house parties. She is of the fairest English type, with eyes of delphinium blue and hair of gleaming gold.

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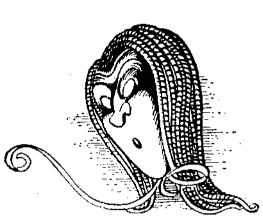
SHOUTS AND MURMURS



SALVAGE

FLUSHED with the success of my recent public announcement that nothing could ever induce me to accept another pair of book-ends, I was straightway minded to wax bolder and let it be known, once and for all, that I did not want any more old theatre programmes, either.

The impulse to keep programmes is one of the more puzzling manifestations of the hoarding instinct. All over this country, there are playgoers who never think of leaving the theatre without taking along the programme of the evening, tucking it away later with its dusty predecessors, in the wildly optimistic notion that they will all come in handy one of these days. Even professional annalists of the stage lack the excuse that such memorabilia might some day be useful for reference. The data in them are far more accessibly available in the indexed file of any well-managed newspaper.

I suspect that the custom of defiantly saving them just the same acquired its vogue among the hoarders of my generation from the flood of theatrical reminiscence with which the magazines in the first decade of this century were filled. The memoirs might have been those of Lawrence Hutton, let us say, or Clara Morris. In any case they would be profusely illustrated with reproductions of old photographs and programmes. A photograph might be a portrait of Fanny Davenport leaning fiercely and implausibly against a broken marble pillar. A programme might be the cherished souvenir of some fancy occasion when Booth and Salvini would come together with a bang in one overpowering performance, each acting away for dear life in some two-ringed revival of the Bard. No matter. In any case the reproduction bore always this italic line of acknowledgment: "From the private collection of Evart Jansen Wendell." Indeed, after his Harvard days, Mr. Wendell's considerable fame was almost entirely nourished by this regular and seemly recurrence of his name. To the most humble of us it seemed an easy and thinkable road to distinction, and I have no doubt that in that era each playgoer, who began the custom of bringing home his programme, put it away in his desk in the secret, unacknowledged belief that some day it would be reproduced with the impressive line: "From the private collection of Elmer W. Whoozis."

PROBABLY the fortunate ones are those who died with that belief unshaken, but to most men there come days of reckoning when, under the duress of having to move, or under the shock of a new wife, they must sit down and look their accumulations in the eye. For useless clothing there is always the Salvation Army just around the corner. Then, the average citizen finds that our costly and elegant navy is chiefly useful to him as an unresisting repository for old books and magazines. But old programmes—what can one do with them? Of course one can always throw them away, but, after years of conscientious and methodical accumulation, after sternly defending them through a dozen Spring cleanings, just to dump them in the fireplace is a gesture of self-repudiation for which the average mortal simply lacks the courage.

In this dilemma I know, from experience, what most of these cowards do. They stack the old programmes into neat, portable bundles, wrap them up stoutly, carry them to the nearest post-office, and, with a lightening of the heart, mail them to me. Unequal to the surgical candor of saying, "It has been simple-minded of me to save this duffle all these years," these poltroons keep up their transparent fantasy long enough even to write an accompanying note, firmly assuring me that, with my well known love of the stage, I am bound to enjoy going over these glamorous little mementos of the theatre we all love so well.

AS I say, I was minded to repel all such offerings in the future, when a batch came in the other day from which I did, oddly enough, extract a brief moment of pleasure. This batch, sent to me by a Mr. Scott from his office in the Graybar Building, were souvenirs of a London Winter two-and-thirty years ago, when one took a hansom to the Lyceum to see Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in "Cymbeline," and when every errand boy in Piccadilly was whistling the gay tunes of "The Geisha." Some of the programmes were lumped in a pamphlet called "Table Talk," which was handed out gratis, apparently, by the Hotel Cecil. This ran all the casts of the week, but in none of the pages marked for me did I find the brief moment of pleasure aforesaid. That was stumbled upon in glancing over a page of gossip for the week of October 7, 1896. The page started out with this sentence:

> A distinguished author, critic and dramatist, whose name not two years ago was in every one's mouth, but who is now spending a period of enforced literary idleness, once asserted in one of his whimsical, epigrammatic articles, that the province of Nature was to follow the steps of Art.

In the after-knowledge of thirty years I may have read into that sentence a gloating note of which the gone and forgotten gossip writer was quite innocent, and, to be fair with the fellow, he could not, with all the good will in the world, have known that the "period of enforced literary idleness" was slowly and painfully producing the work called "De Profundis."

WHICH leaves me room to tidy up this desk by disposing of an item of unfinished business. In the recently emptied basket devoted to typographical errors, there does linger a memo referring to the Collier edition of Browning, much studied in the classrooms of my day. In a spasm of memory, it brought back an English Lit class at Hamilton College, of which the habitual decorum was impaired by one startled undergraduate snort. This issued from a student whose vagrant eye had been roving down the verses of "Home-Thoughts from Abroad." In this edition, unfortunately of wide circulation, the version was as follows:

That's the wise thrush; he sings
  each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never
  could recapture
The first fine careless rupture.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

RIGHT IN THE WHIRL

SOME of these very full days hardly leave us any time. Have to gallop through shaving with a hustle—and trust to luck—*or*, if you're in the know, to Squibb's Shaving Cream.

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HOCKEY

Blackhawks Saluted—A Turkish Bath or Two—Games at Notre Dame

IN our opinion the Chicago Blackhawks, who played here Sunday night for the first time since December, are the most interesting team in the league. Not the best—though they'll give Boston a good battle in the playoffs this year, and perhaps beat them—but they aren't an old-established team of stars who are playing at their peak or just beginning to slip; they are up and coming. Ladies who admire their trim uniforms may or may not know that they were designed by Irene Castle. She is now the wife of the owner, Major McLaughlin. The Blackhawks do not rely on fashion alone, however. They trained for the present season in the most strenuous way ever undertaken by a hockey team—playing football for two months against Notre Dame. They have beaten the Canadiens at flashy skating and they have bought three or four new men to make their defence as formidable as the Maroons'.

IN spite of the hard luck that the Blackhawks have had with some of their material, they manage somehow to rejuvenate players whom other teams have released. When Earl Miller, a smart centre, broke his collar bone, they got Taffy Abel from the Rangers, and Abel is a good example of how players develop after joining the Blackhawks. Everyone got tired of watching him chew his gum here last year. He was all right if he didn't have to move, but when someone had to get the man with the puck it was always Johnson's or Bourgault's job.

You may remember the amazement of local rooters when they saw Abel with the Hawks at the beginning of the season. He was twenty-five pounds lighter and skating like a centre. Recently, however, he yielded to his weakness—food. For a few weeks his new friends made a practice of taking him out after the game and filling him up. Abel's jowl came back. One day he had a scene with Coach Irvin. After that Abel was out of the line-up for three or four games. He was said to be suspended, but the fact is that Irvin sent him to a Turkish bath and told him

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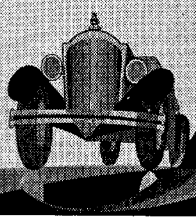

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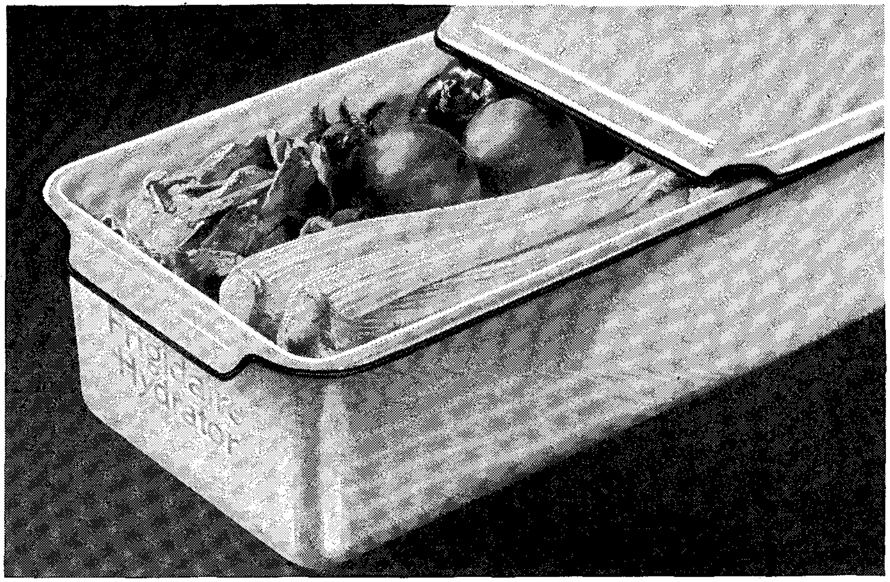

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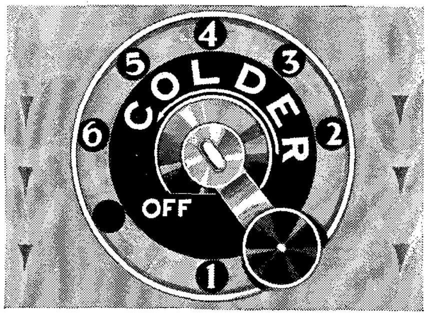

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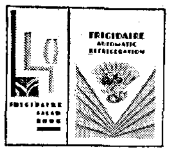

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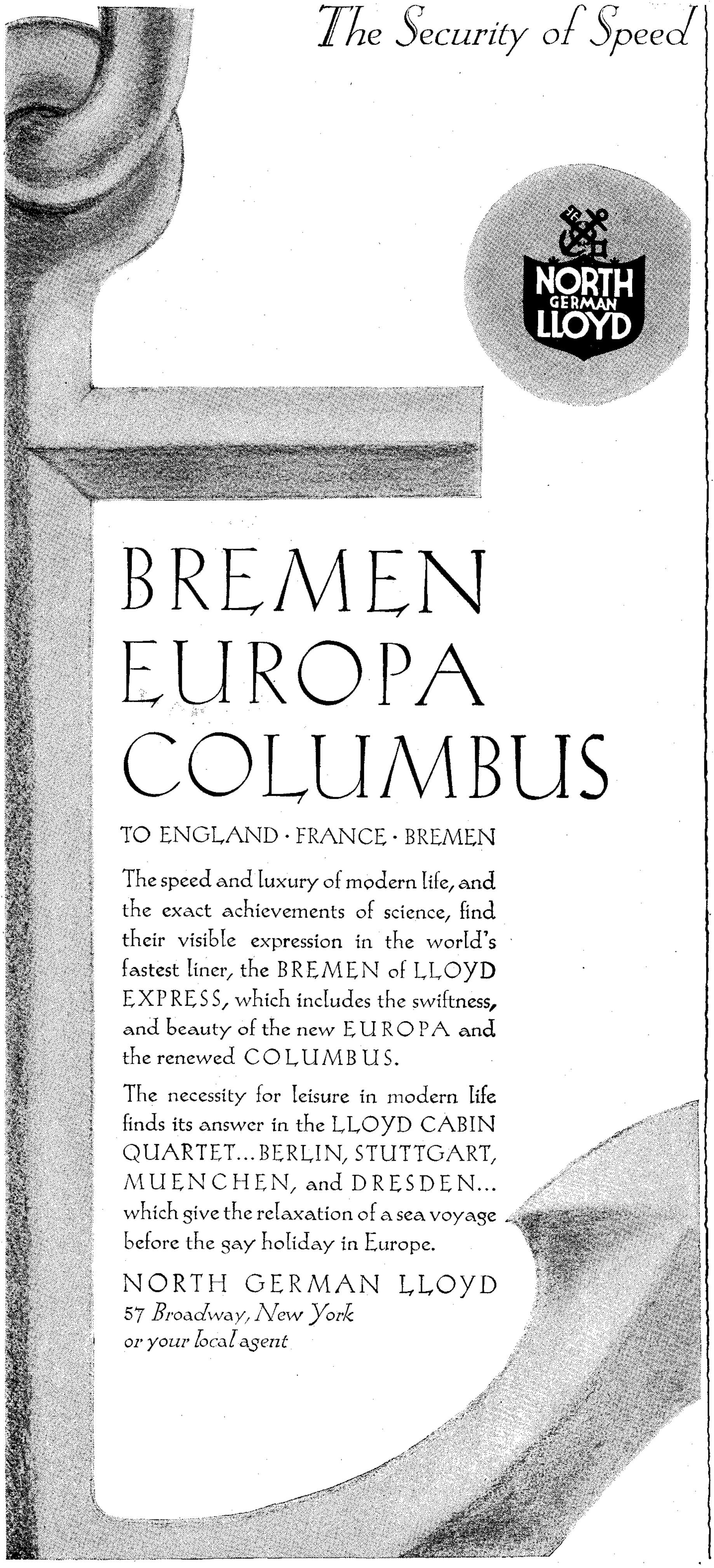

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not to show up in the dressing-room till he was back at his old weight. A fine probably went with this decree; anyway, Abel discovered how to eat and grow thin.

THE Blackhawks made their arrangements to train with the Notre Dame squad through their former business manager, Tom Shaughnessy. Shaughnessy, a Notre Dame graduate, is an old friend of Knute Rockne's. He fixed it for the Hawks to go to South Bend in September and have quarters with the football players. They ate at Rockne's training table and played one of his teams three or four times a week. They had a team of their own and a set of signals. By the time Notre Dame was well started on its season, Irvin felt that his men had acquired enough condition; he drilled them in stickwork. He has handled a stick recently enough to remember how to get goals, and he used his knowledge to make the Hawks sharpshooters.

MANY of the faces on the Chicago bench last Sunday were new to the league this season, but some of them have been famous for many seasons. A summary of the line-up will show you that every man on the squad is old enough to have had plenty of experience and young enough to be good for a long time yet. In the net is the celebrated Chuck Gardiner. The Hawks rely on Gardiner so thoroughly that they have no substitute for him despite the fact that he plays the most dangerous game of any goalie, his face pressed into the play all the time and his body poised to shoot out like a diver into the jam of sticks and skates. On the defence is the new weight McLaughlin has been buying—big Dutkowski, and Helg Bostrum, a bruiser from Minnesota, besides Wentworth and Abel. In the forward line are a string of sharpshooters that have won the Canadiens' old reputation as the fastest bunch in the league—Vic Ripley and Mushy March, Art Somers, once high-scorer of the Pacific Coast, and Tom Cook, the best of the very good hockey players in the Texas league. They are appreciated in Chicago. —N. B., Jr.

•

It is further contended that any one putting his face near enough to a newly imported parrot to catch a disease would be sure to be bitten by the untrained bird. —*The Times.*

Untrained? Nay, *rude* bird.

TROUSSEAU TREASURES

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Many distinguished brides entrust to Jay-Thorpe the creation of their entire trousseau. Down to the filmiest bit of a step-in!

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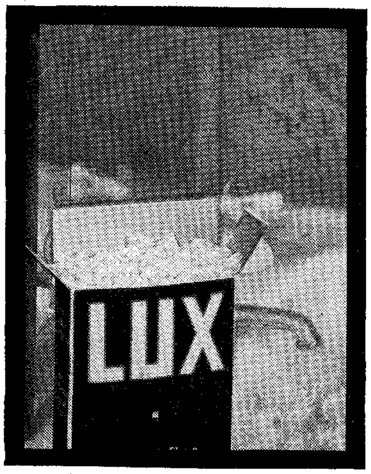
And there are enchanting things of satin, voile, crêpe de chine, in other delectable colors—vanilla, pêche-beige, dusty blue, pale chartreuse. Colors almost too ethereally lovely . . . yet they *can* be kept exquisite looking, Jay-Thorpe will tell you, if you give them safe care.



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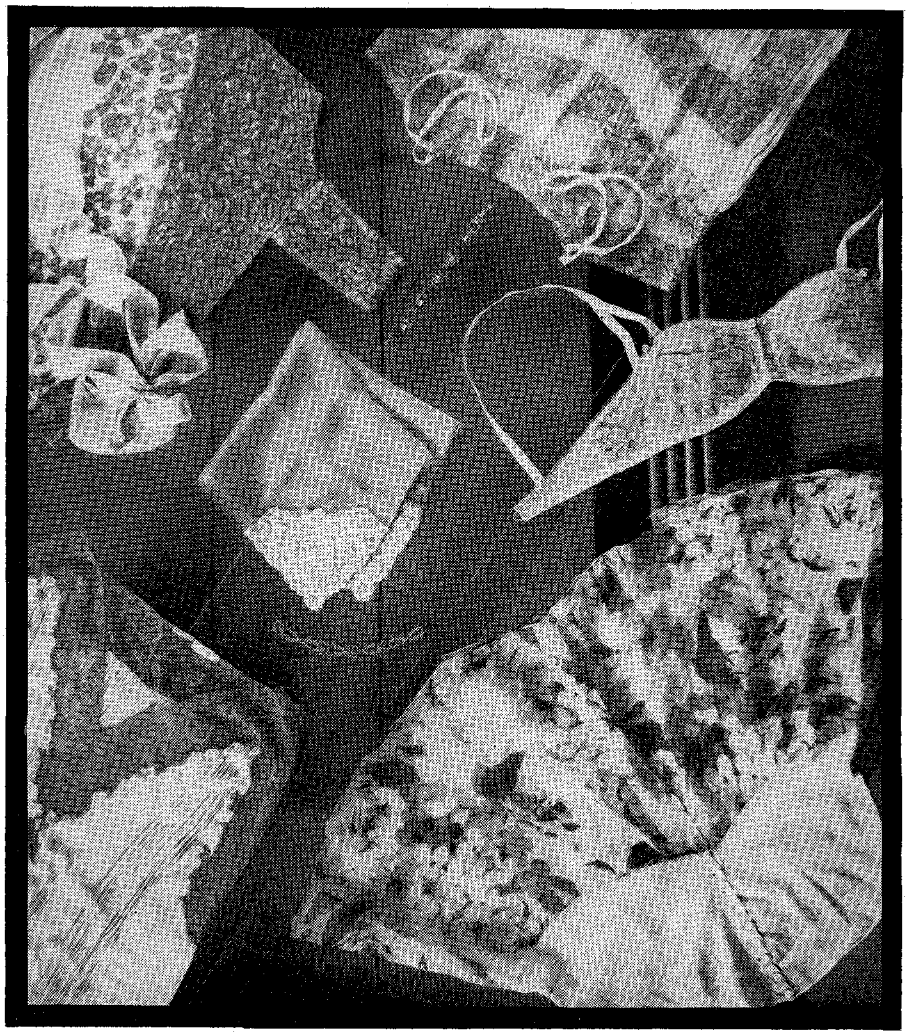
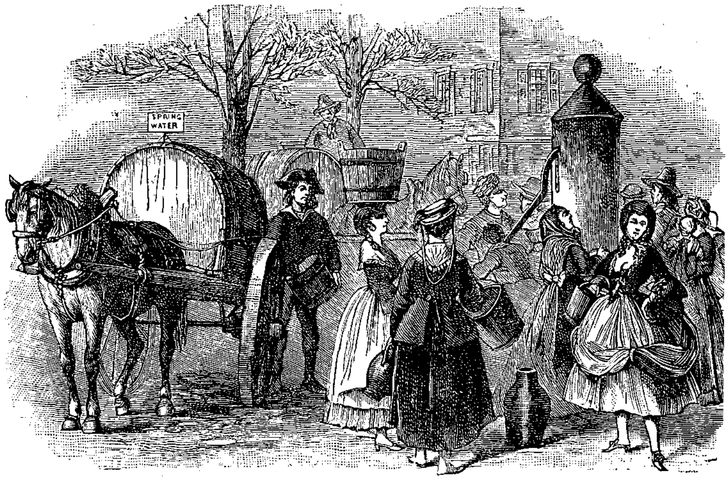


Trousseau treasures shown by Jay-Thorpe . . . satin gowns (left) . . . crêpe de chine chemise (upper right) . . . flowered chiffon panties . . . backless lace brassiere . . . delicate things cared for as safely as sturdier silks and rayons, if you use Lux.

THAT WAS NEW YORK

II—THE FIRST FIRE ENGINES

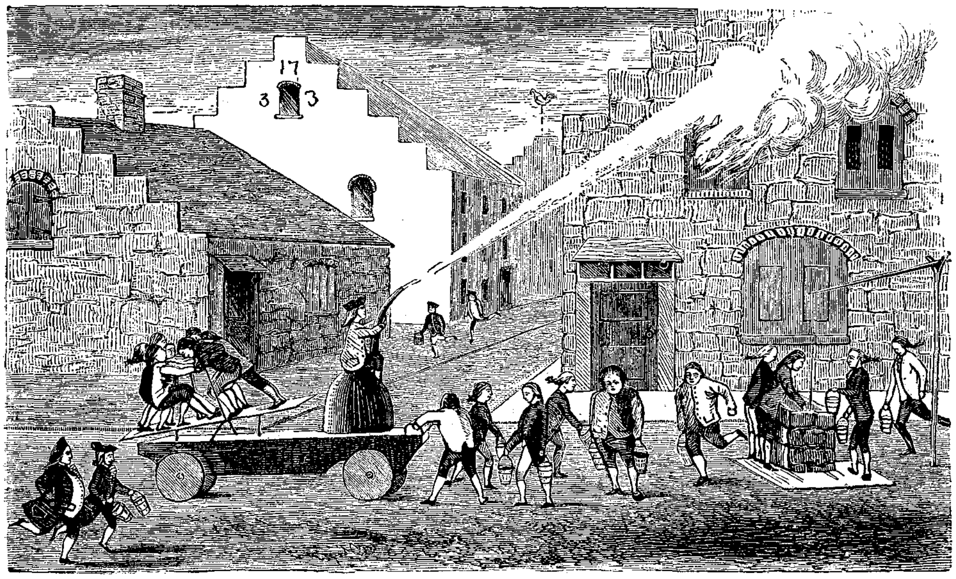


CHATHAM STREET TEA-WATER PUMP

THE appointments of the Worshipful Fire Wardens in 1648, and the organization of the Rattle Watch ten years later, were the beginnings of New York's fire-fighting force, but the foundation of the famous Volunteer Fire Department, which was to add such romantic and thrilling chapters to the city's history, was laid in 1731, when a half-century of agitation for fire engines began at last to bring results. Early in 1731, when New York had some twelve hundred houses and a population of more than eighty-five hundred, prominent citizens again urged the Common Council to buy fire engines, and called the attention of the city fathers to the sensation aroused in London by a remarkable machine invented by Richard Newsham, an English engineer. Newsham's engine was an oblong box, with a high condenser case at one end. It was mounted upon four block wheels made of thick plank, and was so unwieldy that firemen had to lift it around corners, except where there was a long sweep of ground. The water was pumped by hand from the engine by operating staves fixed through levers along the sides, or by treadles upon which men worked with their feet. The interior of the box contained a piston-rod arrangement that forced the water, which had been poured into the engine from buckets, through an immovable pipe projecting a few feet into the air.

The Aldermen and Assistant Aldermen were greatly impressed by the reported achievements of Newsham's engines, and resolved to procure two complete machines from England. About December 3, 1731, the engines were unloaded from the ship Beaver and hauled with much ceremony through the streets to the City Hall at Wall and King (now Nassau) Streets. There they were officially designated Nos. 1 and 2, and were stowed in separate sheds in the rear of City Hall. Four years later the first engine house in New York City was erected in Broad Street between Wall Street and Exchange Place, and in 1737 the General Assembly of the Colony made possible the formation of a Volunteer Fire Department by authorizing the city to appoint not more than forty-two "able, discreet, and sober men" to be called "the firemen of the city of New York."

THE arrival of Newsham's engines stimulated American engineers and mechanics, and they were soon attempting to build machines of their own, but none succeeded until 1743, when Thomas Lote, a coppersmith and shipbuilder, constructed the first American fire engine. It was officially Engine No. 3, but was popularly known as Old Brass Back, for Mr. Lote had been lavish in his use of copper fittings. It was very like Newsham's machine, and fire engines of a similar type (except that some, called "piano" engines, had the brakes or hand pumps along the sides) were used in New York for more than a hundred years. The most important changes during that period were the construction of an upper deck, which permitted two crews to labor at the machine, and the introduction of the "goose-neck," a curved, movable length of metal pipe by which the firemen could direct the stream of water. A few early engines had short lengths of leather hose, but hose of any considerable length was not used in New York until 1790, when John Halsey, a merchant, imported from Hamburg two engines with hose long enough to convey water from the rivers into the interior of the city.



AN EARLY FIRE ENGINE

None of the improvements made the old hand engines any less cumbersome, and operating them was back-breaking labor. Nevertheless, it was considered a badge of honor to belong to a fire company, and during the pre-Revolutionary period many of America's most famous men were volunteer firemen. John Jay, Aaron Burr, and Alexander Hamilton ran with the fire engines, and so did George Washington, who was a capable fireman and took great delight in manning the brakes. Washington began running to fires when, as a boy in his teens, he lived on the ancestral acres at Mount Vernon; and at eighteen years he became a member of the Alexandria, Virginia, fire department. He retained his interest even during the alarums and excitements of the Revolution. In 1774, while he was in Philadel-

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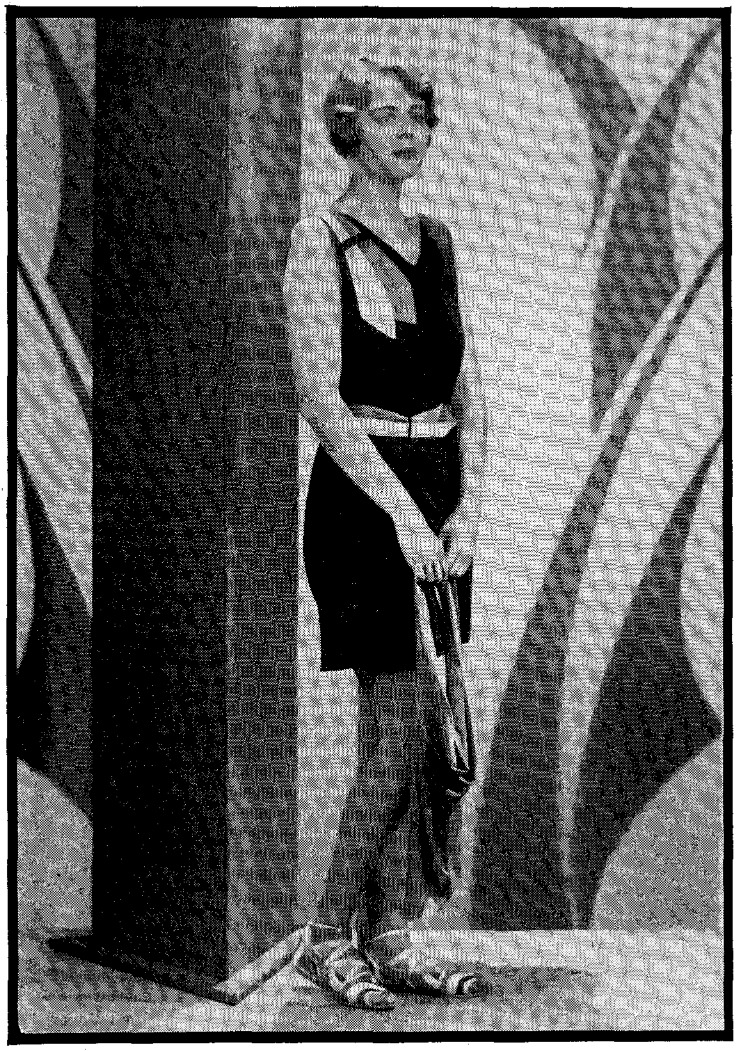
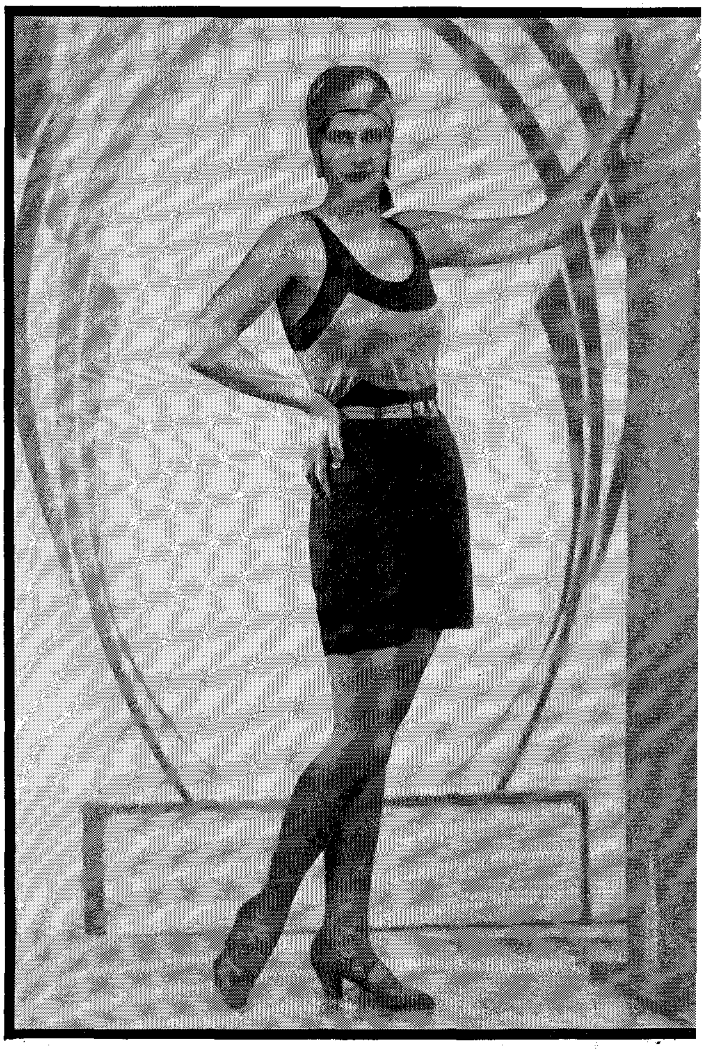


SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

Celanese Tricot with contrasting trim steps seaward in smartly tailored fashion, with a scarf to harmonize.

STEWART

Low sun-back shirt and side-buttoned, belted trunks of Celanese Tricot take to deep sea diving without a qualm.



r Favorites For The South •

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ange from gypsy strains to the saltiest nautical effects. It's smart to be practical this season, you know, and elanese has unique qualities that put it on the best of erms with sea and sun. Celanese feels light in the vater and dries almost instantly in the air. Salt water vill not rot the fabric, and the lovely rippled pattern of elanese Permanent Moire withstands repeated immerions in fresh or salt water. A suit of Celanese retains ts trim lines, for Celanese does not shrink or stretch. In hort, modern beach and bathing attire has found its smart ideal in Celanese.

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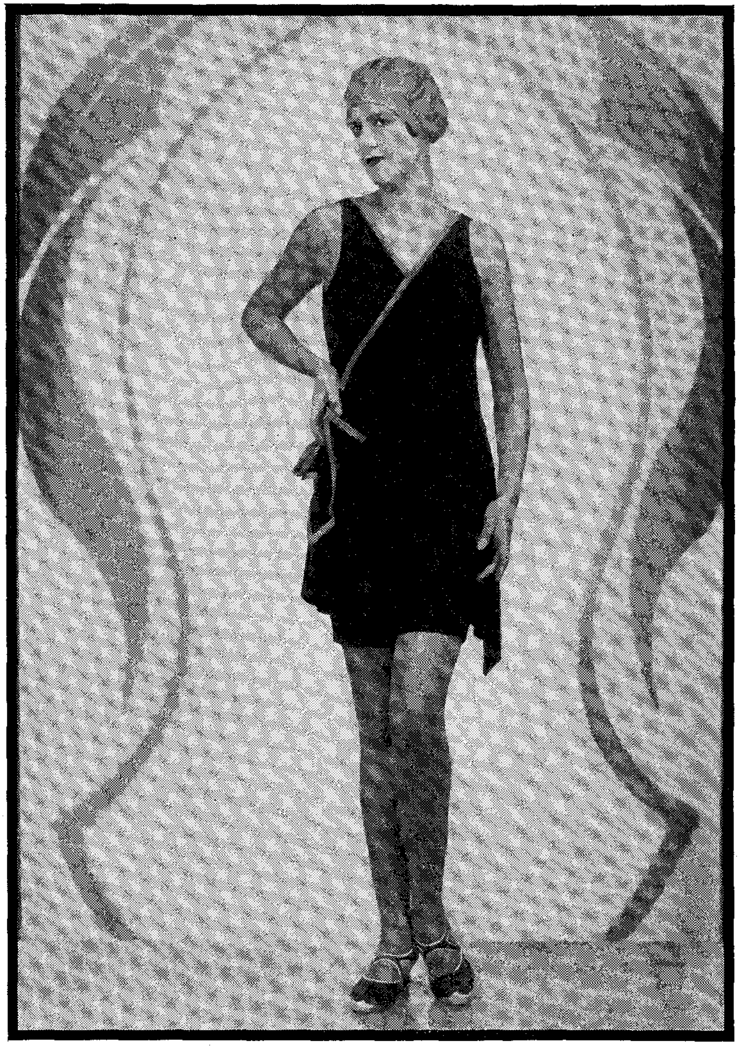

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

A Vionnet model in Celanese Tricot adopts a diagonal tunic, and takes a chic "slant" from its contrasting piping.

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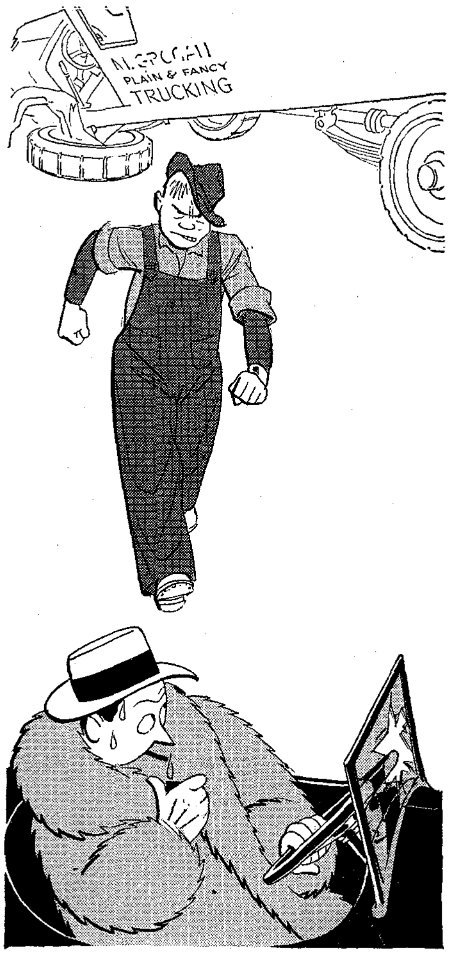
Here the honors are divided between Celanese Printed Satin and Celanese Permanent Moire—with very smart effect.



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BETWEEN THE ACTS

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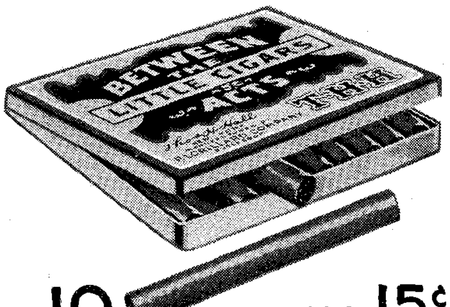

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phia as a delegate to the Continental Congress, he received word that he had been elected an honorary member of the newly organized Friendship Fire Company of Alexandria, and immediately interrupted his multitudinous tasks to make a thorough inspection of the various types of fire-fighting apparatus used in Philadelphia. A year later he purchased in Philadelphia for eighty pounds and ten shillings a small engine which he presented to the Friendship Company.

Washington displayed a keen regard for the welfare of the New York fire department when as President he lived in a great mansion in Franklin Square, at the head of Cherry Street. No documentary record of the fact exists, but he is said to have been an honorary member of the city's fire-fighting force; and despite his exalted position, he followed the engines as often as possible. When he retired to his estate at Mount Vernon, he again became a member of the Alexandria department. Only a few months before his death, in 1799, when riding in Alexandria, the General stopped his horse before a fire and vigorously rebuked the lazy citizenry when he saw that few stepped forward to bend their backs at the brakes of the Friendship engine. Finally, leaping off his horse and shouting to a group of well-dressed men, "It is your duty to lead in such matters! Follow me," Washington himself began pumping the engine. Cheering citizens rushed to help him, and within a few minutes the old machine was throwing the strongest stream that had ever gushed from its pipe.

Until a few years before the Civil War the New York firemen hauled their engines to a conflagration by means of drag-ropes at which all members of a company lent a hand, although occasionally in very bad weather a horse was employed. The steam fire engine, the great weight of which eventually compelled the general use of horses, was introduced into New York in 1840, but the first machine was a failure, and steam engines did not reappear until 1855, when they soon replaced the hand machines.

DURING the early days of New York most of the water employed to quench the frequent fires was dipped in buckets (and later sucked up by the primitive engines) from the North and East Rivers, and the sluggish stream that flowed through Broad Street

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northward to Exchange Place, along which the Dutch settlers had built dykes. A few of the rich citizens had wells from which water was drawn by windmills, but there were no public wells until 1658, when the first was dug in front of the Fort just south of Bowling Green. A hundred years after the first well was dug at least fifty were scattered throughout the city, but the water was brackish and unpalatable except in a few wells near the fresh-water springs in the vicinity of the old Collect Pond, on the present site of the Tombs, and along the stream through which the pond drained into the Hudson. During the Colonial and Revolutionary periods water was never plentiful in New York, and even until the completion of the Croton System in 1842 it was an important article of barter. All except the poor bought their drinking supplies from vendors who filled their carts at the Collect springs and hawked the water through the streets at a cent and a half a pail. As late as 1830 a famous tavern at Beekman and South Streets bought forty gallons of water a day.

THE springs and wells about the Collect were known as Tea-Water Springs because they produced the only water fit for brewing tea. After pumps had been installed they were commonly referred to as Tea-Water Pumps. The earliest and most famous was near the present junction of Roosevelt Street and Chatham Street, now Park Row, in Colonial times and during the early days of the Republic an exclusive residential section. Several years before the Revolution the spring was deepened and a pump erected, and the adjacent grounds were landscaped and highly ornamented, and called the Tea-Water Pump Gardens. The place became a fashionable resort for the aristocrats and their ladies, who sat at tables beneath the shade trees (this at Park Row and Roosevelt Street!) and consumed tea and lemonade prepared with pure, fresh water. Robust beverages were more popular at the famous Tea-Water Tavern, across the street from the pump. Other celebrated but less elegant places were Knapp's Tea-Water Pump in Tenth Avenue near Fourteenth Street, and a famous old well at Christopher Street and Sixth Avenue.

The first waterworks system in New York was begun in 1799, when Aaron Burr and his associates organized the Manhattan Water Com-

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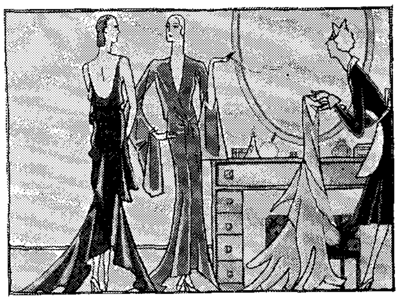

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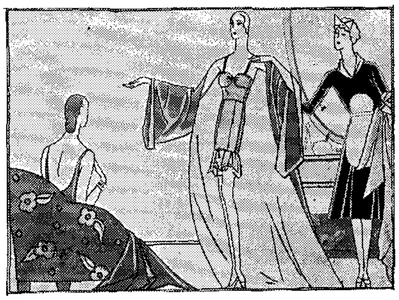

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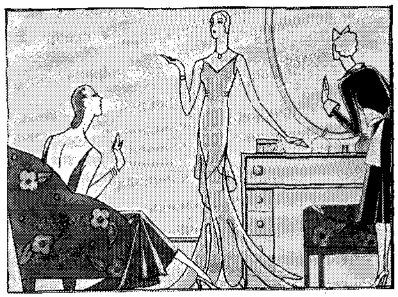

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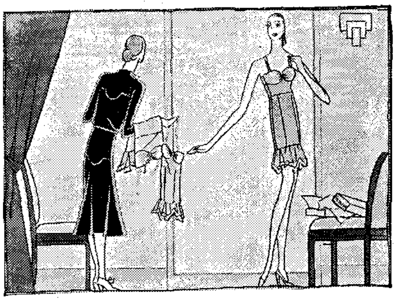

(And then at the store)—"Now I realize why my friends have raved so about Scanties. No wonder they are all so proud of their new figures. Here I am feeling as free as a bird—yet when I look in the mirror, all I see are graceful curves, without a bulge."

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at a man

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Stetson Hats

pany and offered to introduce water from the Rye Ponds through an open canal to the Harlem River, and thence down Manhattan Island by means of an elevated iron pipe to a great reservoir. From there it was to be piped through the city. But they did little toward carrying out their announced purpose except dig a few wells, construct a reservoir in Chambers Street, and install a few miles of bored logs. In theory these wooden pipes could be tapped to fill engines by withdrawing large corks inserted in the logs along the route, but the flow of water was so sluggish that the system was not an effective aid to the firemen except in a few localities where the natural rise of the ground gave considerable force to the stream. The early corks were known as "fireplugs," a designation which is still applied to the modern hydrants. The first actual hydrant in New York was installed in 1817 by George B. Smith, member of Engine Company No. 12, and confidential agent for John Jacob Astor, in front of Smith's home in Frankfort Street. Its usefulness was destroyed within a few years by the failure of the Manhattan Company.

WHEN Burr's project collapsed, the city, in 1825, began the construction of cisterns, more than fifty of which were built during the next ten years. They were never satisfactory, but sufficed until July 4, 1842, when the great aqueduct which ran forty miles from the Croton River was completed and the water turned into the distributing reservoir at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, where the Public Library now stands. This system was the beginning of the present water supply.

The opening of the Croton Aqueduct was celebrated on October 14, 1842, with a great parade about eight miles long. The pageant was arranged by the firemen, who were each taxed twenty-five cents to pay for it. The ceremonies were so impressive, and the opening of the new system such an important event, that for many years "croton" was commonly used in New York as a synonym for water. The records of the old engine companies contain allusions to "streams of croton," and no one thought of asking for a glass of water. It was always a "glass of croton."

—HERBERT ASBURY

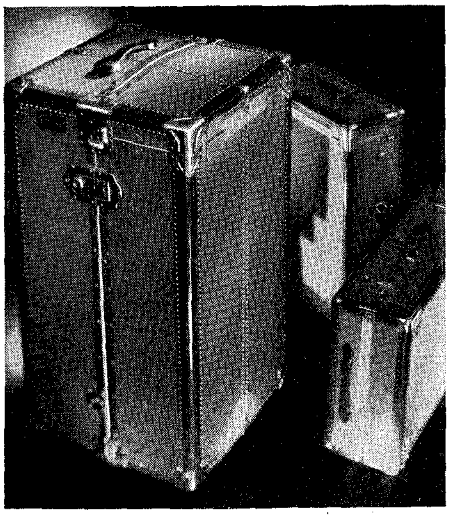
(This is the second of a series of articles on the history of fire-fighting in New York.)

CURSE YOU, JACK DALTON

or whatever your name may be. Shame on you, selling unsuspecting travelers the output of the village cooper and paperhanger as luggage. You have spoiled more vacations and sabbatical years than maiden-aunt-chaperons in Paris or nosey-Parker customs persons.

There was Lavinia Gillifeather; she had been looking forward to her tour for no one knows how many years. And then when she did take it she didn't enjoy a day. Even those tête-à-tête hours with *dear* Mr. Jacks were utter waste. Every gown she owned was as wrinkled and melancholy as the shroud of Cheops' mother. And it was all your fault, every dreary bit.

How could you, Sir! . . . how can you, when there is the whole elegant line of Mendel luggage to sell? It is the luggage, ladies and gentlemen, which you have noticed so often in the better shops and department stores — and which should, in all conscience, accompany you on your next faring forth on the travel road.



This Mendel "Dust-proof" Wardrobe Trunk is done in Ivory and Hazelwood-brown Scotch tweed duck with Tomahawk-red identification striping. All sizes from $85 to $120. Others from $40 to $400.

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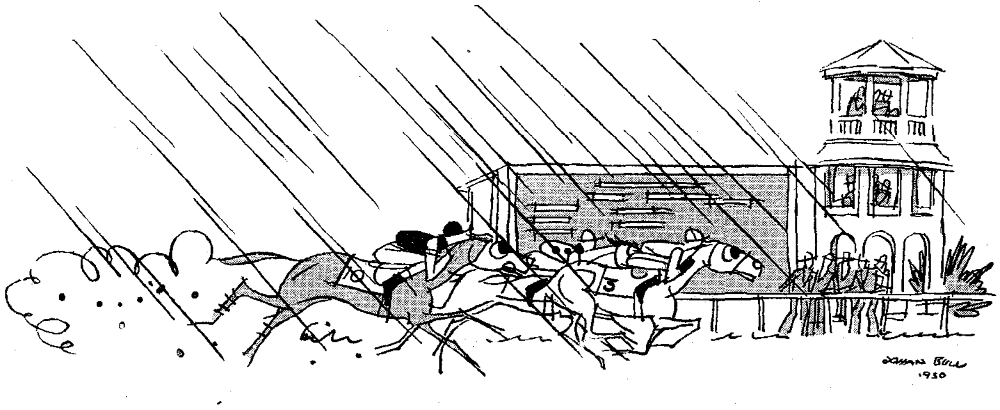
THE RACE TRACK

In the Rain at Miami — Pari-Mutuel — A Zoölogical Gateman

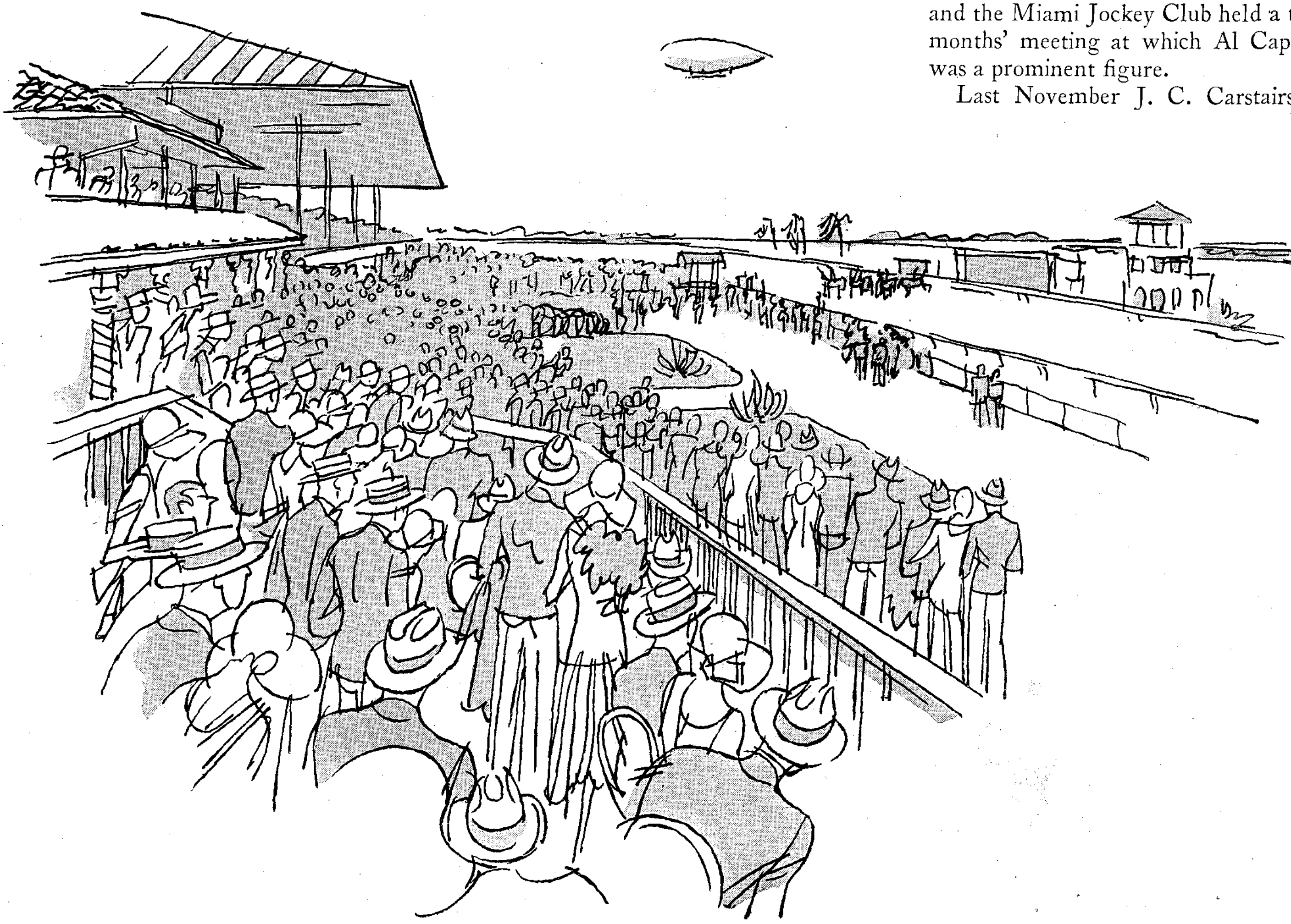


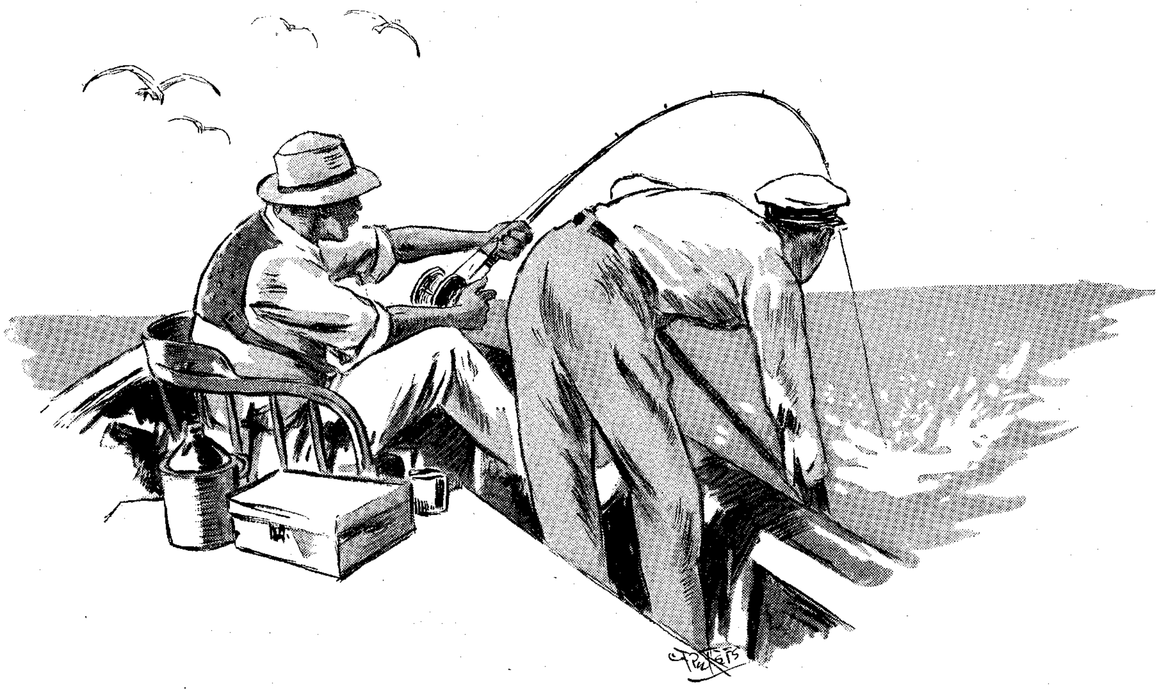
IN Florida one must have a slogan, so the Miami Jockey Club's meeting is called "The Winter Saratoga." It is a winter Saratoga—even to rain on the opening day. One sees the same faces in the clubhouse at Hialeah one does at the Spa, and the same crowd in front of the McAllister at night that one sees in front of the Grand Union. Dog races and diversions where chance rules take the place of the yearling sales, and of course visits to the morning gallops are supplanted by the beach.

To say that it rains at Miami during the season is as unpardonable as eating California oranges on Flagler Street—but it rained all over the opening day's racing. All the realtors and boosters declared this was just an error. We saw Gun Royal splash through the yellow mud lengths in front of his field in the Miami Inaugural Handicap, while Crystal Domino, the favorite, was out of the money; and in the Welcome Home Purse, Single Star indicated that she preferred a fast track, to the utter discomfiture of her backers. And there was Larry Waterbury, always in a hurry; and Algy Daingerfield, walking more miles in a day than he does in a week at home; and Morty Lynch, minus his white waistcoat but with a new gray golf cap; Barclay Warburton, the latest addition to my collection of ex-mayors, a busy host; Mrs. Payson Shipman, only mildly interested, because there were no Greentree Stable horses running; Laddie Sanford, hoping for some sunshine to dry the polo field; Charlie Amory, Elliott Cowdin, and Fred Johnson, sitting at a table drinking ice-cream sodas. Oh yes, it was quite like Saratoga or Belmont Park, even to the sprint through the rain to the Palm Beach special.

THIS season the Miami Jockey Club takes an important place in racing. Having served my novitiate at the winter tracks here last year, I can appreciate the change. The course at Hialeah, one of Miami's seven suburbs, was built shortly before the Florida real-estate boom reached its peak—the days when one spoke of nothing less than a hundred thousand dollars. Money was spent lavishly to make the track and stands the most modern and complete in every detail. At that time pari-mutuel betting was permitted and the machines clicked off such a golden flood for the promoters that the track paid a dividend before the short season ended. However, too many other adventurers saw fortunes in race tracks with pari-mutuels, and the squabble aroused blue-law opposition and the closing of all tracks for a season. Sentiment changed after the collapse of the boom, racing came into favor again as an attraction for tourists, and the Miami Jockey Club held a two months' meeting at which Al Capone was a prominent figure.

Last November J. C. Carstairs, a





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wealthy Philadelphian, acquired controlling interest in the track. Major Barclay H. Warburton was elected president of the Association, and Joseph Widener, the directing force in New York racing, accepted the chairmanship of the board of directors. So while the meeting is not directly under the aegis of the Jockey Club, it has a cachet it did not enjoy before—reflected, incidentally, in the attendance. So Joe Widener has another track to improve and beautify. It is his intention to provide Miami with racing of the type you get at Belmont Park and Saratoga—and now, of course, at Aqueduct.

THE clubhouse, built in the Florida-Spanish-stucco-tiled-roof manner, is one of the most attractive race-track buildings anywhere. This year the color scheme is dark blue and yellow, blending into the dark red, buff, and green of the stand to match the Seminole colors on the furlong poles. Incidentally, the clubhouse gates are hardest to crash, next to Pimlico, of any race course in the country, as most of the gatemen were engaged and instructed by Luke Cassidy when he opened the track. Barclay Warburton found this out on the opening day, as he tried to pass from the stand to the enclosure. He was requested to "show your badge, please." "But I'm the president of the Association," he said. "I know that," said the gateman, "but you must show your badge here." And Warburton did. When he is not guarding a clubhouse entrance, that gateman teaches a class in marine zoölogy at Miami University.

ONE sees the silks of all the big stables in the afternoon, for most of the trainers can find an excuse to spend a holiday here even if the main divisions are wintering at Belmont Park, Aqueduct, or even Kentucky. Tom Healey, now training Harry Whitney's stable, George Odom, Bob Smith, and Bub May have formed the usual Old Guard of the clubhouse brigade.

—AUDAX MINOR

●

Happy New Year everyone.
Mr. Chas. Lewis is confined to his bed with the grippe.
Howard Tebo has been confined to his bed with pleurisy.
Charles Batson is ill at his home on Linden Ave. with the grippe.—*Stanhope-Netcong news in the New Jersey Herald.*

And a very Happy New Year to you.

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, JAN. 15

FOR a century French letters have been waiting to see this year arrive. One hundred years ago the battle-cry of Romanticism was raised in the hullabaloo attendant on the première of young Victor Hugo's startling piece, "Hernani." A lot of lads wearing red plush waistcoats as a sign of revolt, breathing fire and poetry, and known to their scandalized neighbors as "that Alfred de Musset," "that Théophile Gautier," etc., led the row in which heads were broken and a new movement was born. Since 1830 the French have been waiting to celebrate its funeral without apparently having noticed that Romanticism had never died. Its centenary, to the foreign eye, is merely a birthday party for a point of view that has lived to be a hundred years old and never had a sick day in its life.

Romanticism is still going strong. The radical post-war writers of France, as a means of showing they have broken with them forever, repeat what the Romantics said before. The racket the Romanticists raised for "Hernani" the Surréalistes repeated with police whistles against Diaghileff's Ballet Russe. Paul Morand did not discover America for the French; it was found for them by Chateaubriand in "Atala." The remarkable modern madness of René Crevel in "Êtes-Vous Fous?" is not unlike the remarkable old-fashioned madness of Gérard de Nerval, who in his day walked through the Luxembourg with a lobster on the end of a string. Indeed, judged by modern standards, the modernism of a century ago seems not to have changed too much to be recognizable after a hundred years' wear and tear.

NON-LITERARY Paris, never having had a Madison Square Garden, is now going to have two. The impending destruction of the Cirque de Paris has left several young sports with no future roof over their heads. Plans are now under way to transform the Parc des Princes, at Auteuil, into a bowl which can be filled with a hundred thousand spectators, and grounds capable of holding miles of football fields and running

. . . . *Why not spend Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays here?*

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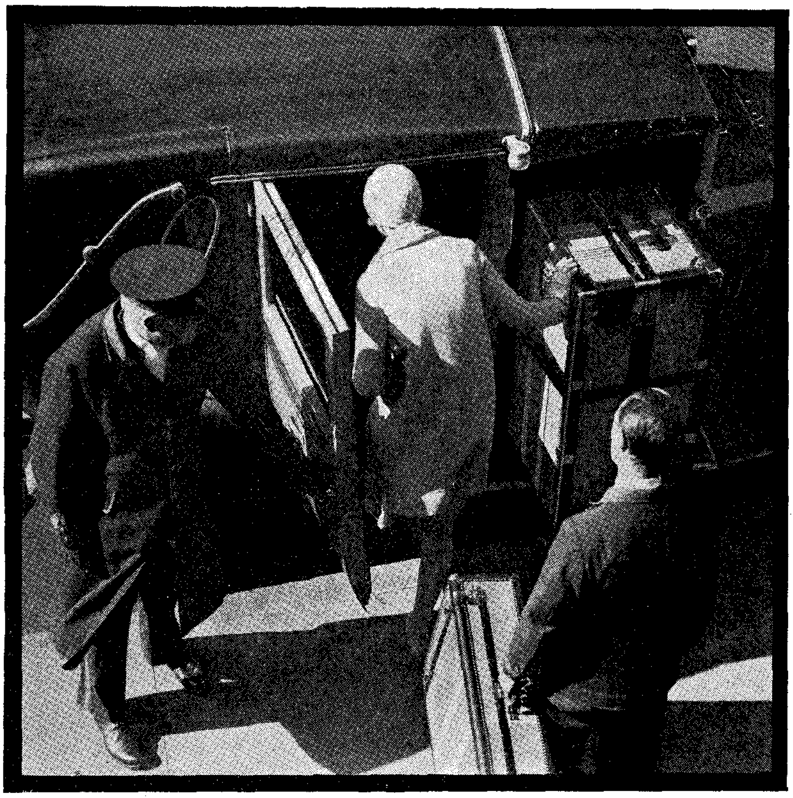

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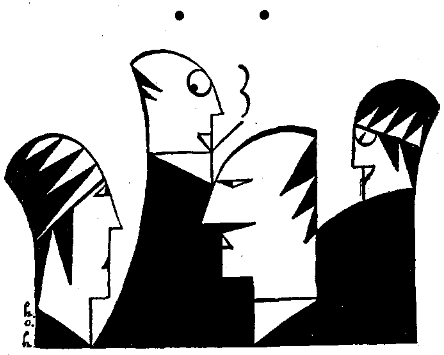
tracks. Unfortunately, what the Parc des Princes most needs is Métro tracks. Taxi rates have just been doubled in Paris; none but millionaires can now take a cab to Auteuil and keep it there half the day. Walking, or even running, very fast out and back will be all right for the athletes about to take part in the events, for they are used to healthy exercise, but it is going to be hard on the spectators.

The second project seems a more reasonable development of the plan of certain international sportsmen to make Paris the muscular centre, financially speaking, of Europe. From the café waiters up to the chic Jockey Club members, Paris has lately proved itself to be full of good customers. They are now going to get their reward. Metropolitan ground is about to be broken for the Paris Palace, which will be a larger edition of Madison Square Garden, will have a bigger-surfaced ice-skating rink for hockey than any in America today, will contain more indoor tracks for running and jumping and falling down. Will, in fine, have more seating capacity, more floor space, and doubtless more hokum publicity than any European sporting centre known since the Greek prize-men began racing around Mount Olympus.

IT would seem to be the fault of the French if Anglo-Saxon theatrical troupes settle down in the heart of Paris and give native pieces in their native tongue. With "The Shanghai Gesture" following on "Good News," both indifferently done in French, it is comprehensible that Parisians, certain of having to see everything from Broadway sooner or later, would just as lief see them sooner—before the translator gets his hands on them. The English Players, who have been here in repertory for two years, and in "Journey's End" for many months, now have a rival in the American Players. As a hail and farewell to the Fémina—which, like everything else in Paris except Notre-Dame, is going to be torn down—the American Players dash-



ingly produced Kenyon Nicholson's "The Barker." Next they are moving to the Caumartin, where they are going to give "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" in modern dress. So when the French critics hear about that, probably the Caumartin will be torn down too.

AT Diaghileff's death it was wondered what would happen to his fine collection of paintings and what would happen to Lifar. Lifar got the paintings, which have just been on exhibition here, and the Opéra got Lifar —temporarily, at any rate. He has just appeared on that venerable stage as principal mime and choreographer in what was a triumph for him and for Ludwig van Beethoven, the occasion being the first presentation here in complete and dancing form of the little-known Beethoven ballet, "Les Créatures de Prométhée." The scenario, written by a Neapolitan mime during the composer's lifetime, and originally performed at the Burg Theatre in Vienna, was eventually lost; the Paris production was an approximation compiled from manuscripts of the epoch. Despite clumsy assistance from the Opéra's *rats du ballet*, Lifar was able to set Greek gods, with Biedermeier manners and Italian meanings, magically moving across the Opéra's stage. His routines for the warrior chorus were fine, the shepherdesses' antic hays perfection, and Mlle. Spessitzeva aroused bravos as the fragile, toe-dancing Primitive Woman. The set, made of pillars, two broken Doric capitals, and one unbroken blue sky, was the useful, bad Chirico that is all too common in Paris today.

—GENÊT

•

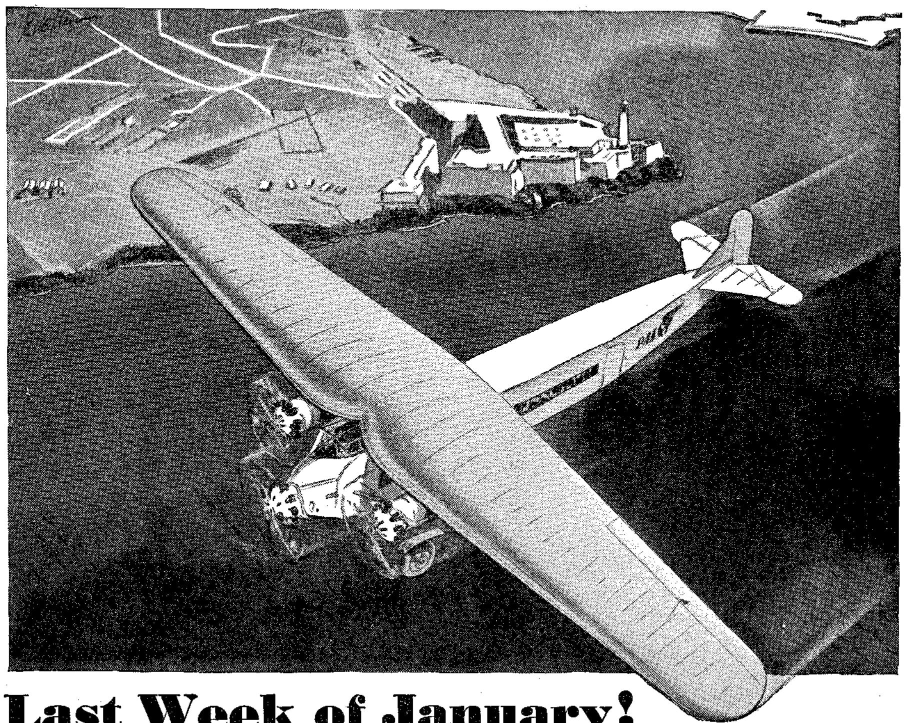
THE STOCKING INDUSTRY

Dresses may be longer,* but
Even though designers cut
Them to flap about our toes
Still we manage to disclose
Every now and then a knee
And allied anatomy.

So let them go ahead and cut
Our dresses long, and longer, but
We'll manage, for a woman knows,
Unless completely comatose,
That some discreet publicity
Is due a prepossessing knee.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

*"Our observation leads to the conviction that the new long skirts are no real handicap to veteran leg-crossers."—*F. P. A. in The Conning Tower.*



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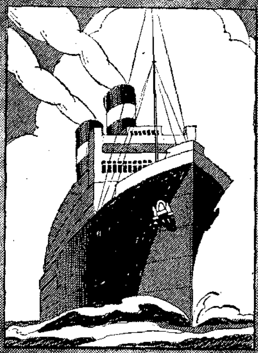

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THE ART GALLERIES

Panorama—With Gallic Gusto—The Critics Criticized—Odd Lots

THE show at Wildenstein's is for the benefit of the French Hospital, so a modest charge is made for the catalogue. However, even if the charge were many times as much, this exhibit would still be worth your time and consideration. It is from the ever-growing group of works owned by the Dales, officially known as the Chester Dale Collection. Here we have, for comparison, examples of painting that range from a still-life by Chardin—which marks the date of departure of the moderns—all the way to the abstract, as represented by such masters as Braque and such infants as Lurçat.

Behind the Dale Collection there seems to be some purpose other than the mere cornering of examples of certain current masters. There is a plot, we suspect; and when the last act comes, it will all spell something. We rather like these catholic shows; they build up to a climax, and on the way there is something for everyone. As Maud Dale points out in the catalogue, the rebel of today is the slippered pantaloon of tomorrow—so be wary about judgments made on the run.

ONE particular tenet of the Dales is the inner kinship of all great art. They point with pride—and in this show by careful hanging—to the "Art et Gourmandise" of Antoine Vollon and the gorgeous still-life of Georges Braque. They have placed a Derain between the Vollon and the Braque, another link in the chain, if any is necessary, to show the underground currents that not even the painters are aware of consciously. Braque, it is claimed, has never seen the Vollon. You may see both, and make any notes you want about the eternal verities and the sustaining strength of beauty. Roger Fry could write two volumes on much less.

The Fantin-Latour is another favorite of ours. For direct statement we know of few canvases that have the dramatic quality of his "La Table

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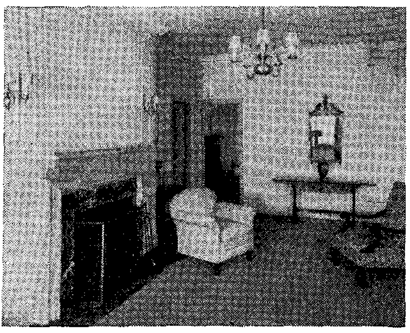

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Garnie." It is a fine subject for all those who demand the representative and who, in their search for the magic of familiar things, cannot seem to cull the essential of art, which is spirit.

The exhibit has a minor Chardin, a good Cézanne, a fair Matisse, and a Gauguin. Then there are many lesser lights, who may or may not belong in the final roll call of immortals.

VALENTINE has a show of Marcel Gromaire, who is given this prominence here for the first time. Gromaire is a young man in his late thirties. We mention the fact because when you walk into this solid exhibit you wonder if there is much use in beating the drum for the meagre Americans. These lusty Frenchmen paint—and how; the vulgate is the only way to express it. The business of painting is the work of a lifetime, and they seem to realize that life is fleeting. What they have to give, they give freely and wholly; if they fall short of the ideal in one try, they waste no time in alibis but go at it again.

Gromaire is nearest Léger, according to our memory. He is somewhat stylized, but not trickily so. "La Guerre" is its own reason for such sculpture, and most of the other subjects fall into a mold that is dictated by the needs of the project. We imagine that he will have no wide appeal. He is seldom pretty and his gusto may offend those who take their art cautiously. We especially liked "Finistère" and "Le Bouquet."

THE Dudensing Galleries have been having a lot of clean fun with a scheme to snare the critics into their emporium one way or another. The idea was to lampoon the art critics and give the public a shock, in case there was a public that believed in such things. The affair is mildly successful. Mr. Buk has had the major part of the work to do, and when he ran out of critics he made up some allegories. We liked best, from the standpoint of painting, the portrait of Walter Pach by Graham. This is a deft caricature, and it keeps within the confines of a canvas' limitations. You might conclude at first sight that the rendering of your correspondent was out of key with the satirical intent of the rest of the show, but this is not the case. The pose—benign Rotarian—is satire of a finer order.

WANDA GÁG, one of the Weyhe favorites, is having a show of her

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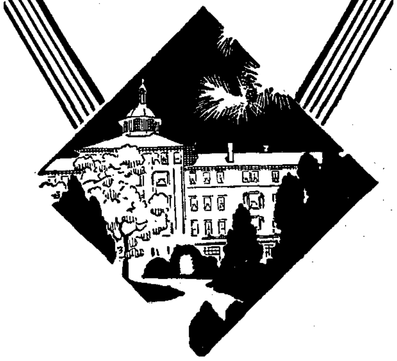

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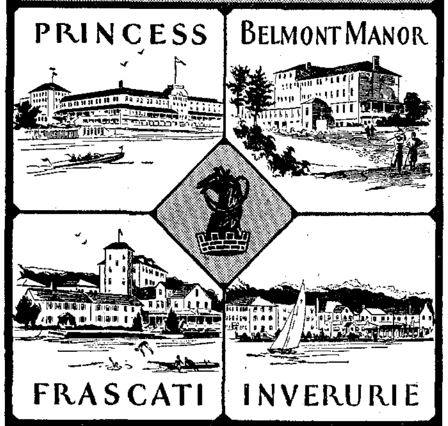

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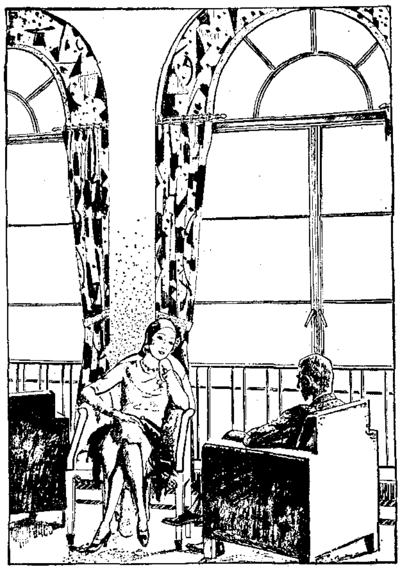

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drawings and paintings at the Weyhe Galleries. She is a pupil of Kenneth Hayes Miller, and she has not quite worn off the inevitable mark of pointillism and sentimentality. Gradually she is working away from them, and we believe that in time she will come into her own. Miss Gág is a poet, *sans* idealization. What Lankes is to Robert Frost, Miss Gág is to Carl Sandburg. She is only faintly bitter, and her worst philippics have a certain kindly, childlike quality. We think of her, somehow, in terms of Peggy Bacon, who is one-hundred-per-cent iron. In Wanda Gág's "Sick Cats" you feel sorry for the felines and entertain hope of their recovery. In cats by Miss Bacon we would feel that Frank Campbell had already been sent for. Wanda Gág is best in her caressing moods—Renoir out of Kenneth Hayes Miller. Her "Sunflowers" and her "Gladioli" are both rich compositions.

HERE AND THERE: The big event of the week is another show in the Museum of Modern Art, the Madison Square Garden of the art world. The current exhibit is called "Painting in Paris," which doesn't mean at all what it sounds as if it meant. It is a collection of the contemporary French. . . . The Opportunity Gallery has opened its fourth show, chosen by Thomas Benton, at the Art Center. . . . The Kraushaar Galleries have a fine exhibit of the etchings of Segonzac. Worth while if you like him, and we do. . . . Paintings by Mary E. Dignam are at Durand-Ruel. . . . Dodge MacKnight is showing at the Babcock Galleries. . . . Etchings by Gordon Grant are at the Art Center. . . . Paul Bartlett has paintings at the Kraushaar Galleries. . . . Seven sculptors, some modern and some stale, are to be found at the Hackett Galleries. . . . The Brooklyn Museum has a show of contemporary Belgian painting. If this is the one that was exhibited in Paris last year it is well worth the trek. . . . The Morton Galleries have paintings by Saul until January 27. . . . Paula Eliasoph has water colors at the Clayton Gallery. . . . The Roerich Museum has some new stuff—Indian landscapes by Frieda Hauswirth Das and architectural renderings by Harvey Wiley Corbett. —M. P.

●

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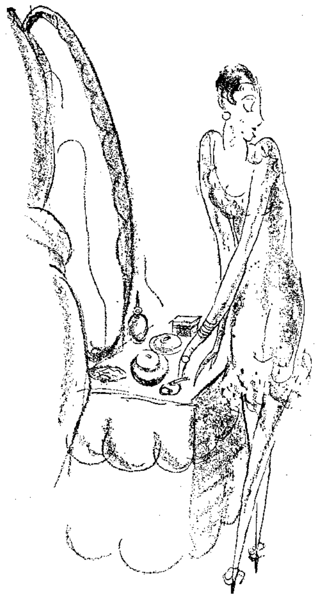
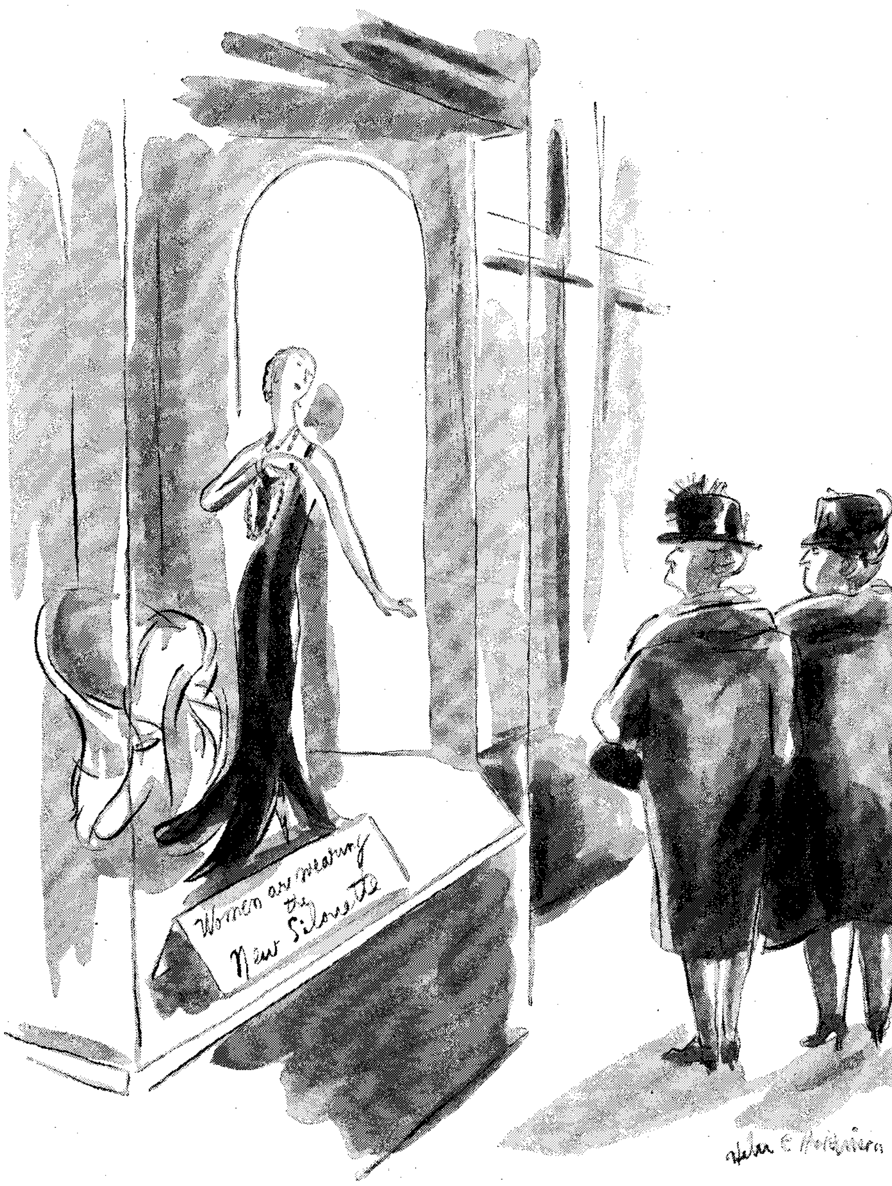
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IN a brief and offhand way I have already referred to Macy's new Accessory Shop on the first-floor balcony, coolly removed from the milling mobs beneath, though their quaint antics are clearly visible. Here has been assembled the cream of the jewels, bags, gloves, handkerchiefs, stockings, and other vital trifles, together with some others that are not to be found on the counters below. There are some marvellous big chiffon handkerchiefs, for instance, from two-thirty-nine up to three dollars. The delicately plaided ones and gingham checked kind from Molyneux (they are really of georgette, but this is no time for quibbling) are exact copies, even down to the hand-rolled hems. There are bright, glaring Paisley and peasant-print ones for black frocks; copies from Reboux, consisting of three oblong pieces in contrasting or harmonizing colors stitched together to make a square; and, for evening, chiffon handkerchiefs in delicate colors with borders flecked in a darker shade. Here also you will find costume jewelry of impressive size and grand color. The solid composition bracelets in black and white and pearly pastels would be good with anything, and there are some beautiful necklaces made entirely of glass links, the best being either plain or in those bronzy yellow-through-brown shades. The glass is of that pressed type which does not break easily, though violent contact with a stone floor might be disastrous.

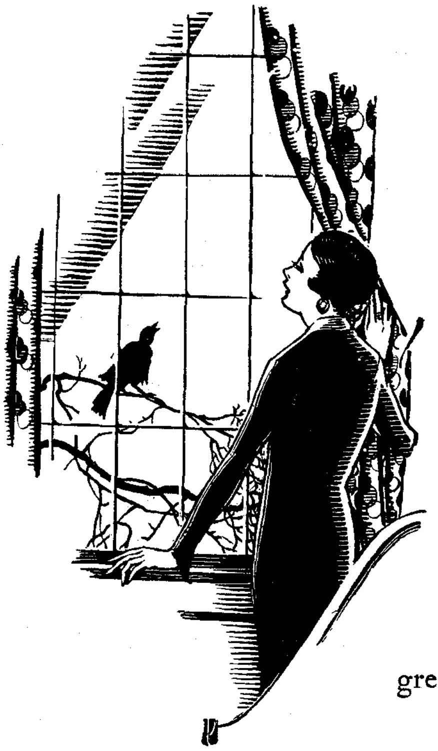
Among the handbags, which are every woman's weakness, look at some three-tier envelope bags of satin or metal brocade at fifteen-eighty-nine, and at another of a Rodier dull-gold brocade. Also, there are great quantities of bag-and-scarf or bag-and-bead sets in every possible fabric and color. There are all kinds of linen bags, for instance, lined with linen and having an anchor or a nautical star after Nowitzky as the sole decoration. You can buy huge linen beads to go with these. There are bags of Rodier quilted cotton with big spots of color or metallic bits here and there; piqué bags and beads to match; bags of checked gingham and polka-dot handkerchief linen. And, if you want to be gay with your plain white frock, look at hand-loomed antique linen from Rumania as a possible home for your latchkey and compact. For immediate wear, there are good tweed or knitted bags; some particularly swell ones from Reboux have zipper closings and double handles. Little scarves that tie around the throat and loop once accompany these. And, if it is a separate scarf you are after wishing, the newest are triangles of shantung with hand-rolled hems and an anchor applied on the point.




Women are wearing the New Silouette

"Huh!"

THE Saks-Fifth Avenue bathing department on the seventh floor has always been a joy, for everything is to be found there. This year there are some of the world's gayest beach pajamas of jersey. One costume, for slim and perfect figures, has a rowdy horizontally striped sweater with short sleeves, and jersey pants in a plain color that can be worn either inside the shirts or, if you pick them out with yokes, outside. Very Riviera, in the term's most casual sense. Then, there is a sailor suit of jersey, the top very authentic and the pants very narrow all the way down, and floppy at the bottom. Some bright trousers have sashes around the waist and tailored tuck-in blouses of contrasting color in every possible shade and style. People who crave being ultra-Antibes should im-



SONGS of spring just around the corner, when comes that great fetish of spring house cleaning. Will it reveal the same old phobias of furnishings you promised yourself long ago to discard? Well, now's the time to rectify those errors of youth. Unleash those hounds of spring, track down some glorious new furniture and furnishings—at savings quite worth while. Almost needless to add, everything is from regular stocks, no hybrids allowed. Six floors from which to choose, a galaxy of beauty, color and utility in Oriental and Domestic Rugs, Tapestries, Furniture of infinite variety, Lamps and Accessories, each worthy the integrity of the name of Sloane. And, too, it's pleasant to buy here.

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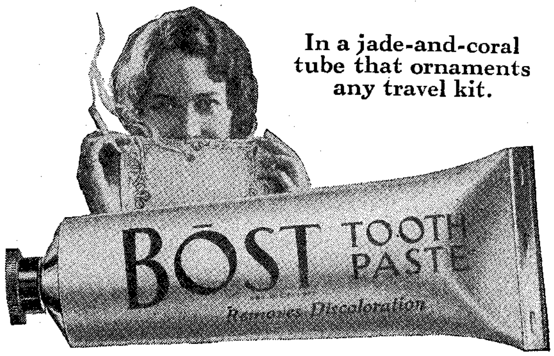

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mediately search out a fisherman's suit of heavy linen with big, loose pants, a longish, baggy tunic with patch pockets, and a deep V-décolletage under which you wear a striped sweater that peeps out at the neck. It's kinda sloppy-chic, if you get the idea. There are other linen suits with bright blocked coats and plain trousers to wear over the bathing suit.

Silk jersey has been talked about a great deal this year, and you can find lovely ones here of the imported artificial silk that is sun-fast, tailors beautifully, and looks well coming out of the water. They are made in the almost universal style of chemise top and rather full shorts, usually in contrasting colors, that is practically a uniform on beaches these days. For bathing caps, you wear nubbly rubber ones that have the wrapped effect of a turban, come down low at the back of the neck, and completely cover the ears; for sandy strolls, imported espadrilles are still the convention. And those whose figures are good should remember that Saks' one-piece jersey suits, in every possible color, have a way of keeping their shape after many wearings.

BATH luxuries, the particular hobby of millions and millions of people, are enriched by the soap bowl Yardley has brought out, which floats genially in the tub to amuse the kiddies and remove nervous strain from irritable adults. With it goes a sort of whiskbroom arrangement for working the soap into the skin in a furious lather, thus stimulating the circulation without being in any way harsh. The bowl is five dollars, and lasts absolutely for months and months and months. Makes cleanliness interesting to young and old. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Subarctic Furbelows — Capeskins and Poplins— Pink for the Evening

IF you are going up north for your winter holiday, I'm sure you'll enjoy yourself better if you buy all your equipment right here in New York before you leave. Don't depend on those quaint country stores; usually their stock is incomplete and it is difficult to get fitted properly. Besides, you can generally find duplicates here of anything they can show you—as well as a great many things they can't.

At Placid some men wear dark blue

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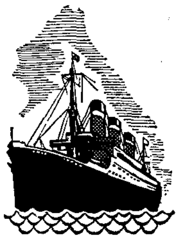

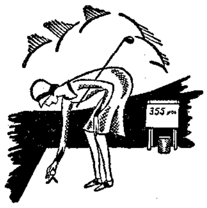

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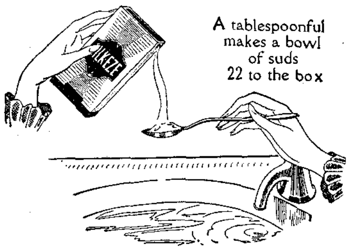

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ski suits with double-breasted jackets, and trousers that tuck into their boots, but most men wear ski trousers with an odd tweed jacket cut Norfolk fashion. I doubt if you'll see a man wearing one of those trick, bright-colored suits that enliven some of our shop windows. They make one look too much like a member of a Hollywood jazz band.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH are showing suits of navy-blue waterproof wool gabardine for $75. Separate trousers of dark blue melton, with tapes that tie around the ankle, cost $12.50. I also saw a navy-blue melton ski blouse for $15 that seemed practical. It resembled a sailor's jumper except that it had a small collar. The body was roomy, but the sleeves ended in bands that buttoned tightly around the wrists, and the front and sides were laced to permit its being adjusted to fit snugly and keep out the snow.

Of course, you can get all sorts of warm clothes in this shop: sweaters, gloves, socks of all colors and weights, plaid shirts of Viyella flannel for $11.50, lumberjack shirts for $12.50, Hudson Bay mackinaws for $32.50, Articoats (forty-inch coats of camel wool with leather yokes, detachable hooks, and knitted sashes) for $185, and several varieties of the picturesque and practical parka.

They also have a new ski boot, a copy of one devised by Houg, the Olympic champion. These boots are made in Norway, of zug grain leather, with bellows tongues and heavy, rigid, double soles of oak leather. And some new skis, also from Norway, looked particularly useful. These have metal clamps, like those on skates, which hold the toe firmly and give the skier better control—they have the ankle strap too, of course. The price is $30. Bamboo poles with flexible rattan flanges cost $4 a pair; and, incidentally, don't dry them near the fire, because heat makes them crack.

PULL-ON gloves are much more convenient, I have found, than those that fasten with a button or a snap which has to be undone every time you want to light a cigarette, fish for change, or use a pencil; and if you don't fasten them again, the first thing you know the tops are hanging dismally over your knuckles. It's been my experience, however, that many pull-on gloves have one disadvantage: the cuffs are apt to wrinkle up and look bulky and untidy.

Even this fault has been eliminated

in the gloves that Mr. Albert Leonard George designed and had made in England. The cuffs are shorter than usual, and are only just wide enough to slip on over your hand; instead of being left raw, the tops are finished with quarter-inch hems which help to prevent their crumpling up. I was particularly interested in dark brown capeskin, because gloves of this type in that leather are not to be found everywhere; and a pair of capeskin gloves comes in very handy on the morning when you find that all your light-colored ones are too soiled to wear. They cost $6.50. The same type in chamois costs $5, and in white buck, $6.50. They are all hand-sewn and are all washable in Lux.

MOST of the things in Mr. George's shop, Madison Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, are worth looking at. Doubtless the reason is that he selects every one of them himself. He imports the materials for his shirts and supervises their manufacture, giving careful attention to details that will improve their looks and wearing qualities, such as split yokes, full bodies, and small cuffs.

There is a great variety of materials. I liked the English poplins which come in sober plain colors and in small neat patterns. Each of these shirts has two tab collars to match, cut with small points and fitting snugly at the top. They cost $7.50. Similar shirts in end-to-end Scotch madras, blue, gray, green, or tan, also with tab collars, cost $6.50. I liked the shirts with small starched bosoms because the stripes run up and down instead of across. The bosoms are buttoned, but they are made with two sets of buttonholes so that you can rip off the buttons and wear studs if you like. These have starched collars to match and the price is $6.50.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE are showing evening shirts that have bosoms and cuffs of white linen and bodies of colored madras. I'm not enthusiastic about the idea, but perhaps I'm just not color-conscious. For $9.50 you can have one of these shirts made to order with a blue, gray, green, tan, or even pink body; shorts to match cost $6. Remove your evening coat, and you reveal an expanse of pink. Sensation!

If you want a piqué bosom, I suggest a fine cross-bar weave as a relief from the chicken-wire patterns we have seen so much of during the past few years. Be sure to get a tie and waistcoat to match.

—G. McC.

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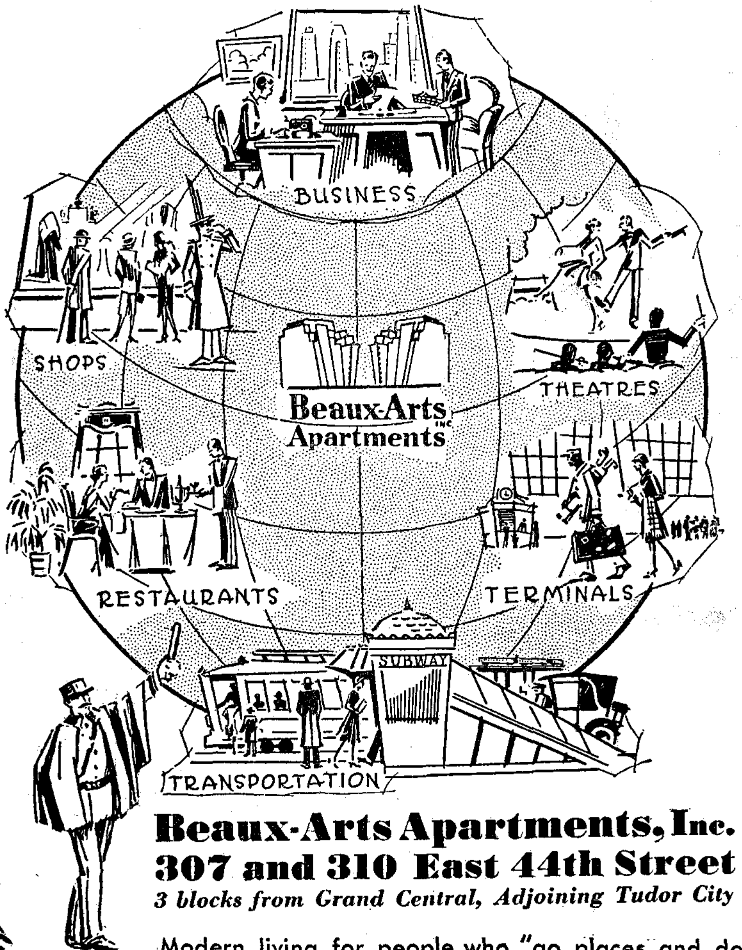

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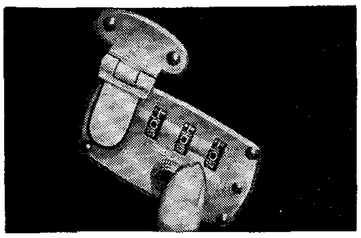

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Boston Breaks Loose with Novelties—Another Requiem—In English

JUST when it seemed that something like Brahms' C minor Symphony would be the principal orchestral novelty of the season, Mr. Koussevitzky arrived from Boston with a program of contemporary music that not only stood up valiantly on its own but introduced two new compositions of importance. Both came from England, one being Walton's overture, "Portsmouth Point," the other Bax's second symphony. By way of good measure—and this time it was good as well as measure—there were Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis," in which Mme. Povla Frijsh intoned the text, and Ravel's "Bolero," brought to town earlier in the semester by Mr. Toscanini.

The Bax symphony, at a first hearing, sounded like the finest work in this form to be introduced in many years. It is not a simple one to digest, for it has many moods and a certain austerity in its manner, but it will cause no violent aches on repetition. The first movement is a trifle prolix, but this impression may disappear when the music is heard for a second or third time; and it probably will be heard a second or third time, for it obviously is not one of those fabrications which enjoy their première and their valedictory at the same performance. The Walton overture is jolly stuff, bedizened with acrid harmonies. Walton appears to be a musical Sitwell, with a fine grasp of his materials.

More and more I am becoming persuaded that the most promising source of new music today is England. The best of current songs get started in London. There is a deal of excellent chamber music being composed by young Englishmen, and one of the most noteworthy of recent operas is "Hugh, the Drover," by Vaughan Williams. I also hear fine reports of Goossens' "Judith," exhibited not so long ago in Philadelphia.

THE Friends of Music have done well by the requiem industry, and their latest research in this field uncovered the Requiem in C minor of

Over their teacups

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How an institution created to cater to the exclusive few became beauty headquarters for the world.

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'TWAS NOT SO LONG AGO—The sweetest Fox Trot on record—and that's no pun—with a vocal chorus that's a lyric toast to the styles that have passed like old sachet. It's soft, dreamy, melodious, wonderful. Hear it.

DON'T EVER LEAVE ME—You'll never leave off dancing to this number. The genius of Kern and Hammerstein, touched by the magic of Kahn's orchestration, makes it a torrid-toed invitation to Fox Trot. *No. 4614.*

WHY WAS I BORN?—Roger and his Romeos give you the reason for their being—in a torrent of nasty notes just palpitating with dance lure. HERE AM I—The vocal refrain of this Fox Trot ends with the plea—'Please don't pass us by". If you do, you stand to lose out on one of the best dance numbers in years. *No. 4583.*

Maria Luigi Carlo Zenobio Salvatore Cherubini, who seems to have had more given names than durable *opera.* The Cherubini Requiem is not a composition that has won an easy popularity, like the Requiem of Verdi, for there are no solo parts which can be detached for recital purposes. A chorus and the orchestra carry the whole burden, and even when the score becomes operatic, as in parts of the Dies Irae, it is predominantly ascetic.

Mr. Bodanzky and his chorus, which must be rated, at this writing, as the best hereabouts, gave a beautiful performance of the Requiem. For once, we had a choral session which did not imply that if the ladies and gentlemen of the ensemble had to sing another note they would collapse from their efforts. The Metropolitan Opera orchestra, a proverbially overworked aggregation, came to life and played with unexpected tonal suavity. All in all, the Friends have to their credit another achievement.

SINCE October there has been so much fine pianism available that it requires an uncanny recital to bring its purveyor to attention, but such a recital took place in Carnegie Hall last week. The pianist played nothing extraordinary, unless one might so designate a pleasant little suite of his own. His principal item was the Chopin B minor Sonata, concerning which the last word should have been said many years ago. The program consisted only of conservative music, played with no apparent attempt to make it mean esoteric wonders.

Nevertheless, this recital was sensational. The pianist took the compositions, which had been subjected to many batterings, and played them as if they were having world premières. He read nothing extraneous into them—but he encompassed the singular feat of expounding everything which the composers had placed in the music. When hitherto unsuspected inner voices stood out, one wondered why they had not always been so obvious, and when there were strange tempi one asked why these tempi had not been established long ago. The pianist enjoyed—or perhaps he didn't—one of the season's greatest ovations, and he might still be playing encores if somebody's common sense had not intervened.

You will hear more of this astonishing pianist. His name is Josef Hofmann.

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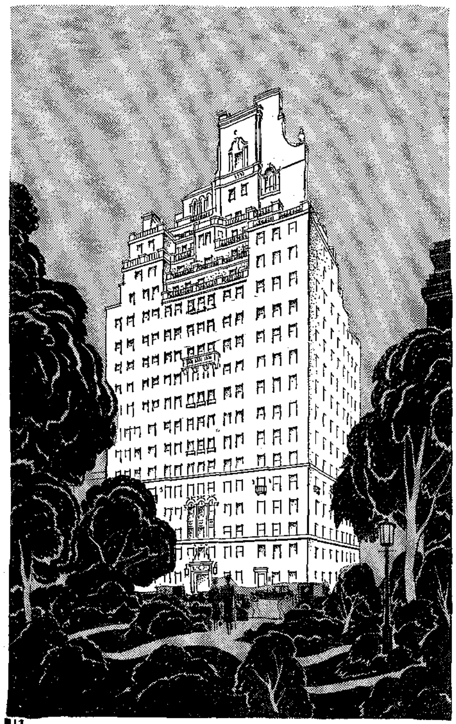

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Opera Company, has served at least one valuable purpose: it has centred notice on the fact that English is a language which requires careful treatment when it is set to music. The non-success of many operatic translations is due not to the inherent awkwardness of the text, but to the failure of words and melodies to match up. There still are observers who maintain that no opera can be successfully transferred from its original tongue to ours, although they accept without a murmur operas revamped from an original German text into Italian (*vide* "Martha") or from Russian into Italian (*cf.* "Boris Godounow").

The objection to opera in English usually comes from those who are wonted to hearing their lyric drama in some other language, whether or no they understand that language. When they encounter an opera in understandable lingo, bad as it may be, they discover something silly about the opera. Oddly enough, they charge the silliness up to the English language, rather than to the original libretto. "Il Trovatore," for instance, is a fool book in any dialect. Perhaps it may be heretical to suggest it, but "Lohengrin" has several spots that will not bear too close a verbal examination. When these are exposed in plain words, the opera patron is scandalized, and denounces the English language.

Speaking of opera in English, somebody might investigate "Lamplight," by Jerome Kern, a short, sentimental, and tremendously effective one-acter which the radio and the Philco program have made available. —R. A. S.

CONCERT~MUSIC RECORDS

Another "Aïda" and Bits of "Boris"—Symphony—Caruso Revived

ADMIRERS of "Aïda" will rejoice to learn that Columbia has issued the complete opera in two volumes, containing eighteen records. As usual, the Columbia recording is superb, and in addition to a memorably clean reproduction—there is no "surface"—there is a minimum of the echo which usually goes with large operatic projects on discs. The performance is conducted by the Cav. Lorenzo Molajoli, who obviously knows his Verdian tradition. He maintains a crisp tempo, and there are many minor refinements of phrasing which are not always ob-

Do you remember the story of the *two Ladies?*

One was saying, "You should see my new Rembrandt." "That's nothing," said the other, "You should see my new Rolls Royce." It's an old story, but it illustrates the fact that even in this enlightened city there are still one or two persons who have never heard of Zucca's Minestrone.

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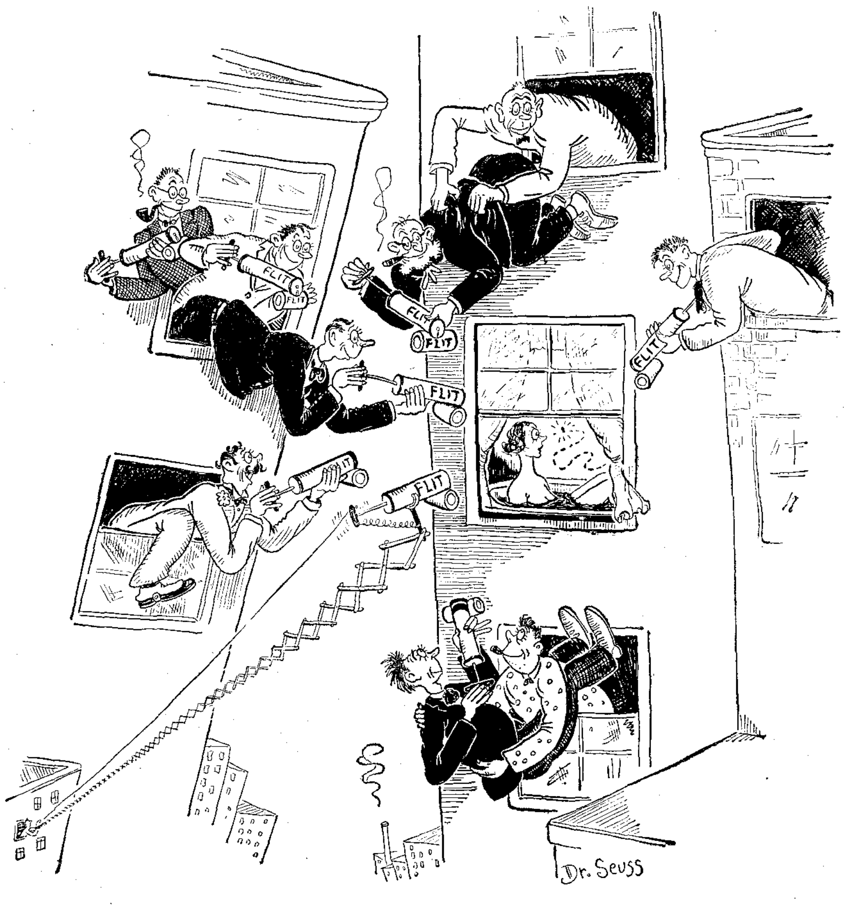

The well-deserved fate of the fly who was brazen enough to intrude upon a lady in her bath.

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served in public auditions of "Aïda." The Scala chorus is much more euphonious than opera choruses generally are, and the Milan Symphony Orchestra rolls off its music with good tone.

The principals, for the most part, are unfamiliar names. Aïda is Giannina Arangi-Lombardi, who overdramatizes her music and seems to have a worn upper register. The Amneris, Maria Capuana, sounds like a find. She has a luscious contralto voice, and she sings with charming restraint. An American tenor, known in Italy as Aroldo Lindi, is a vociferous Rhadames, and Armando Borgioli, a fine high baritone, sings an excellent Amonasro. Ramfis is Tancredi Pasero, now of the Metropolitan, and the waxily ubiquitous Salvatore Baccaloni is a serviceable King. If the net result of the soloists' efforts is not always distinguished, it is always professional, and if you like "Aïda" you will not be disappointed in Columbia's offering.

Recordings from "Boris Godounow" are scarce, although I understand that the English Victor company has a good selection not yet released here for general consumption. Meanwhile, Odeon has brought out four choral episodes by a choir and an orchestra identified on the label only as being from Riga. There are four sides issued, and they are well recorded, although they lack the power of some other foreign publications.

Smetana, whose record total is not high, is represented on two current lists. Victor presents the Flonzaley Quartet in the "From My Life" Quartet, a performance recommended by something more than the fact that it was played by a celebrated and now disbanded ensemble. Odeon offers "The Moldau," complete on four sides, the director being the late Edouard Mörike.

A SYMPHONY which is not played so frequently as most that have been recorded is Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, released by Columbia and directed by Felix Weingartner, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Some of Weingartner's previous recordings have suffered from lethargic tempi, but this one is bright and dramatically effective. If you don't know this symphony, you have an agreeable acquaintance ahead of you.

NEW Caruso records! It sounds startling, but Victor has issued them. About a year before the great tenor died, he recorded two songs and an aria which have not been released until recently. The songs are Lully's "Bois Épais," and a de Crescenzo ditty, "Première Caresse." The aria is rather more important. It is "Deh ch'io ritorni" from "L'Africana," and it is one of the finest of all Caruso discs. You may not recognize the selection, as it usually is omitted in stage performances of the opera because of its difficulty. Coupled with the aria is Tosti's "Good-Bye," in Italian.

Of course these records were made under the old acoustic process, and the orchestral accompaniments are curiously thin; but the voice itself comes through brilliantly, and I suggest the "L'Africana" excerpt if you want a new phonographic thrill. If you have only lately acquired a phonograph, don't forget that there is a large library of Caruso records still on the market. A good representative list would include the two arias from "Tosca," the two from "Pagliacci," the pair from "Rigoletto," and "Celeste Aïda," doubled with the "O tu che" from "La Forza del Destino." —R. A. S.

●

PATERFAMILIAS

Girls of eighteen he loves, and even
  twenty,
Pleasing and plump and eloquently
  young;
In his own day he knew and courted
  plenty
Whose praises tripped divinely from his
  tongue.
Now that his daughter's chums come
  in to call
And stay to taste his wife's Alsatian
  cooking
He kisses each one fondly in the hall
When he is sure his good wife isn't
  looking.

The boys who hang around he tolerates
And marvels that a girl must have in
  tow
Such callow lads, who prattle of their
  dates;
He patronizes all his daughter's beaux
And smiles to hear Virginia call them
  "men"—
What he could show them, were he
  young again!

—Sydney King Russell

●

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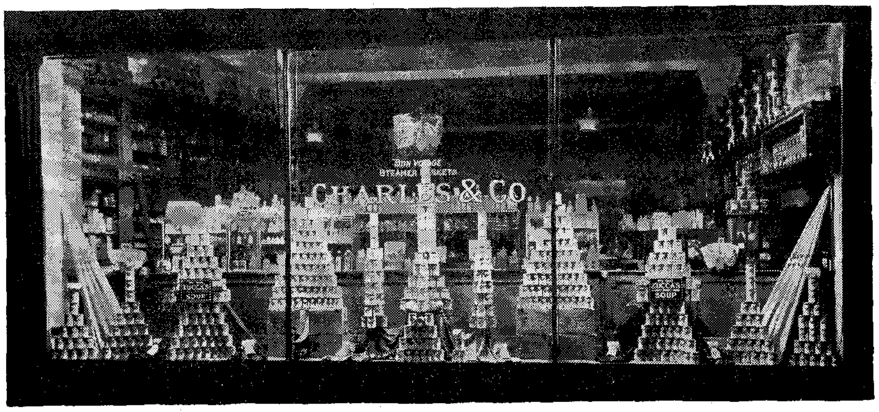

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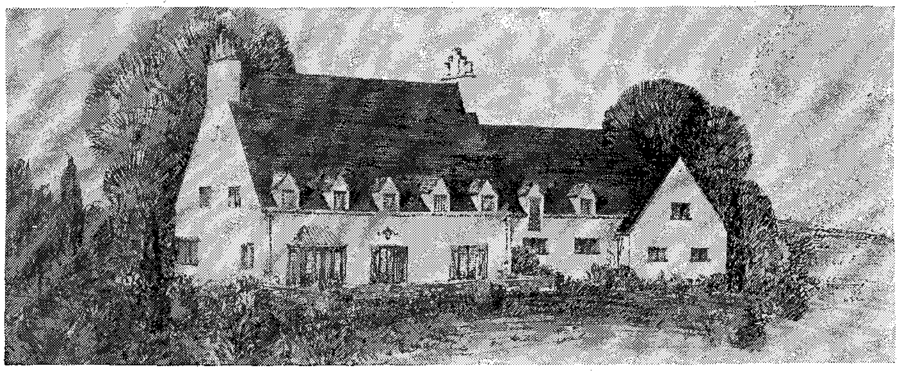

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Pygmies and Plots

THE innocent natives of the Congo supplied more entertainment in the pictures this week than all the pure whites of Hollywood. At least I felt that "Up the Congo," which was shown at the Cameo, was worthier of an hour's attention than the Duncan Sisters, Channing Pollock's affair at the Rialto, or even "Hit the Deck."

Not that "Up the Congo" is any knockout travel picture. It seems an enterprising lady, a Miss O'Brien, took the trip, strenuously cranking her movie camera and beguiling her hosts at different villages into posing for her. Sometimes she managed to get surprisingly effective lights and shades, caught along the sheen of a black bride's coiffure, or on the shanks of an aged pygmy, for all his eighty years more agile than many a Harlem tap-dancer. Miss O'Brien followed the trail of the slave-traders, leaving her cards on cannibals, pygmies, and strange, saucer-lipped sub-debs of the jungle. It's a diverting diary.

THERE'S one very good scene, also somewhat barbaric, though it is sophisticated barbarism, in "Hit the Deck," at the Earl Carroll. This worthy musical comedy fares somewhat better on the screen than the majority of such transposed operettas do.

Its distinguished moment is the rendering of the long-acclaimed "Hallelujah." For this cantata the ordinary routine of the picture is momentarily abandoned and a scene introduced of a negro assemblage, a sort of spiritualist séance, done with the best ingenuity of modern photography and some excellent singing. Except for this incidental bit, it's the usual musical show, with moments in color. It follows the original story about the *amourette* of a sailor and a young thing, the whole sustained by Jack Oakie's genial grin—more by his grin than by his singing voice.

CHANNING POLLOCK'S "The Locked Door," at the Rialto, is one of those dramas in which you are preoccupied during their whole length with

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the constant prayer that just for a moment one of the characters will behave in a human and sensible fashion. As a matter of fact, in this case one person does, and by so doing contributes a flash of vitality. This is Zasu Pitts, but her part as a telephone operator in a bachelors' apartment house is so slight that it can hardly make the picture by itself.

Aside from Miss Pitts, we have heavy drama of sin and jealousy, a wife who fears that her husband will discover some man once tried to kiss her before her marriage, a young girl, an unscrupulous man-about-town, all finally involved in a fight. When the gun goes off—my goodness, there is the man-about-town dead on the floor in his Charvet dressing-gown; or rather dying, for he does have time to breathe a confession at the end, absolving his assailant of all blame.

THE Duncan girls, Rosetta and Vivian, are still very Topsy-and-Eva in "It's a Great Life," a backstage story of the devotion of two sisters in long ringlets, nursery slippers, and pink-and-blue ruffles. Although Vivian-Eva Duncan doesn't ascend to Heaven in this rendition, she does lapse into a fever toward the end of the picture, which opens the way for a lavish Technicolor delirium scene with ballets and so on. But it is all pretty dreary just the same.

"BEHIND THE MAKEUP" is, of course, another backstage story, and very dull it is in spite of Hal Skelly and William Powell. "Night Parade," on the other hand, isn't dull, although it follows a theme as popular as backstage life, that of the underworld as seen by the gentlemen of the press. This picture is very much on the order of "The Racket," a similarity emphasized by the presence in its cast of E. G. Robinson. However, there are moments of excitement, though the film doesn't get anywhere exactly. Somehow it suggests that the producers decided, after they had taken a few really exciting scenes, that the picture was becoming too violent and had better just be left where it was.

—J. C. M.

•

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Desertions from the army dropped from 13,760 to 9,690 in the last five years, as compared with the previous five-year period, Representative Wainwright stated in the House today.—*The Times.*

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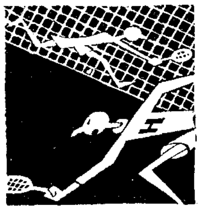
COURT GAMES

With Eight Stars—Slam-Bang—Junior League vs. the Colony Club



THE Clyde Martin Memorial tournament, held at the Yale Club last week, produced some of the best squash tennis that has been played here in years. The quarter-finals were graced by eight crack players, including the almost legendary Thomas R. Coward of Yale and Fillmore Hyde of Harvard.

Hyde lost his match to Harry Wolf in straight games, but came within a point of winning the second. Rowland Haines of the Columbia Club, having defeated E. R. Larigan of the Crescent A.C., then came up against Wolf in the semifinals, a desperate struggle that lasted nearly two hours. Both men played a hard-hitting game, but Haines hit a little harder, ran a little less, and lasted a little longer. At one time, while reaching for a shot, he caught Wolf instead of the ball, and described a complete circle before he realized Wolf was perching on his arm.

The finals were even more exciting. B. H. O'Connor of the Crescent A.C., who put out Dr. Mixsell of Princeton in the semifinals, electrified the gallery by winning the first two games from Haines after making an exceptionally poor start. In the third, Haines began a three-game comeback by winning 15–3. He took the last seven points in a row. The fourth he also won fairly easily, but in the fifth O'Connor was leading 11–2 before Haines got in his stride again. Fantastic as it may seem, he then took the next thirteen points without allowing his opponent more than one.

IT seems, however, that all this activity in squash-tennis circles is merely the deceptive rally which so often precedes total extinction. The unfortunate game has been dealt a cruel blow from an unexpected quarter, the Junior League. The Junior League has come out flatly for squash racquets, on the grounds that squash tennis is too violent. "As this game is played today," observes the notice on the League's bulletin-board, "it is nothing

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more than a matter of 'SLAM-BANG.'"

Not content with being merely destructive, the Junior League has taken up squash racquets with great zeal and determination. There are two courts in its new clubhouse, and John Allen, one of the Racquet Club court-tennis instructors, comes over to give lessons. He was so successful in the first three months of his régime that last week his pupils boldly challenged the veterans of the Colony Club. The Colony Club doesn't play squash racquets; the members play squash tennis (with a lawn-tennis ball, so that it won't be too slam-bangy). However, they accepted the challenge and, armed with the proper racquets, appeared at their rivals' camp on the scheduled morning.

THE encounter was the first outside athletic event in the League's new clubhouse and had all the ingredients of a successful sporting event, for it was won by the side that was expected to lose. Captain Williams of the home team started the ball rolling by defeating Captain Lockwood of Colony. Lockwood put up a stiff fight, but could not prevail against Williams' superior service. E. G. Stillman, playing at No. 2 on the Junior League team, supplied the sensation of the day by overcoming S. B. Duer, siege gun of the Park Avenue club. Stillman had only had six lessons prior to her appearance. After losing the first game, she asked her coach how many constituted a match, and on being told two games out of three, proceeded to win the next two.

There was a tendency in some of the engagements for the person who served first to win, because of her opponent's inability to return the ball, but in others there were brisk rallies which left both spectators (many of whom had never seen a game before) and players (many of whom had never played a game before) gasping. Also, a certain amount of confusion was caused in the scoring by the fact that several of the players failed to show up, and their places were taken by teammates who had already played once. This was later declared to be illegal. Additional confusion was caused by players who had failed to appear at first turning up later and, finding their matches had been played by someone else, challenging completely new players. This was also declared illegal. By nightfall, however, it was unanimously agreed that the Junior League had won, final estimates of the score ranging from 6–3 to 5–4. —G. T. H.

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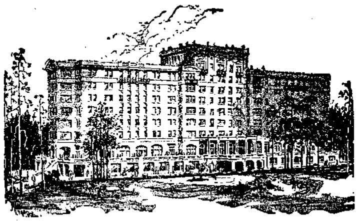

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OUR CONTRACT-BRIDGE PROBLEMS~II

NORTH
♠–9-7-3
♡–7-3-2
♢–8-6-5
♣–6-4-3-2

WEST
♠–Q-J-6-4-2
♡–9-8
♢–A-K-10-9-4
♣–5

EAST
♠–10-8
♡–A-Q-5-4
♢–7-2
♣–K-10-9-8-7

SOUTH
♠–A-K-5
♡–K-J-10-6
♢–Q-J-3
♣–A-O-J

EACH side having made a game in the present rubber, each is quite vulnerable. In North and South, this condition arouses uncertainty and hesitancy, states of mind hardly conducive of success. To East and West, on the other hand, vulnerability is a spur which urges them on to deeds of extraordinary valor, and this spirit, too, is hazardous.

West, the dealer, estimates that he has enough probable tricks in his hand to justify a one-diamond bid. (It is charitable to say that he "estimates." As a matter of fact, he merely "guesses maybe he might bid one diamond.") But he is subject to the common disease of contract-bridge players, the tendency to overbid his hand, so West bids two diamonds instead of one. North says "Pass!" emphatically, with a look full of meaning at his partner.

East considers that one of the features of well-played contract is lots of bidding, and then still more bidding, in order that the best possible combination between the partners may be worked out. Consequently, he bids three clubs, just to show where he stands.

South has neglected to notice his partner's air of gloom, intensified to the degree necessary to indicate a complete bust of a hand. He wants to bid if possible, but he doesn't want to take chances. After debating the comparative virtues of a heart bid or a double, South decides on the latter.

"Double!" says South, with uplifted eyebrows to indicate that it is informative. North snarls by way of reply and slaps his cards down on the table.

But West is still eager for action. His partner, it seems to West, does not like his diamond bid, and West in turn dislikes East's club suggestion. Well, how about spades? "Three spades," bids West, with rising inflection. "Pass!" says North. "Do you hear, partner? I pass!"

East finds the situation somewhat amusing. He is certainly getting the variety of bidding that he so much desires. Why not round it out nicely by bidding hearts? East does so cheerfully, bidding four in the suit. South passes this time, a look of cunning creeping into his eyes. Mentally, he is setting a trap.

It is up to West once more, and he hesitates hardly at all. To him, the situation seems clear. His partner has the clubs and hearts; he (West) has the diamonds and spades. South's original double he accords little respect, South's doubles customarily meaning little or nothing. West ignores the fact that game has already been bid, and pig-headedly decides to go after what he considers something worth while in a forthright fashion. In his brief experience with contract bridge, he has observed that the timid soul is not ordinarily successful, while rich rewards are the lot of those who strike out boldly. West bids five no trump. He is willing to concede the possible loss of two tricks in spades, but he has a childishly simple faith in his partner's possession of all the top cards in hearts and clubs.

North passes, East shrugs and passes, and South doubles. Instead of heeding this danger signal, West blithely passes, and North and East do likewise.

NORTH bitterly seeks the fourth highest card in his "longest and strongest suit," and finds it in the deuce of clubs, which he leads. East spreads his hand, and looks shyly at West for approbation of his canny bidding. "What the hell were you bidding for, anyway?" West demands, after stamp-

• •

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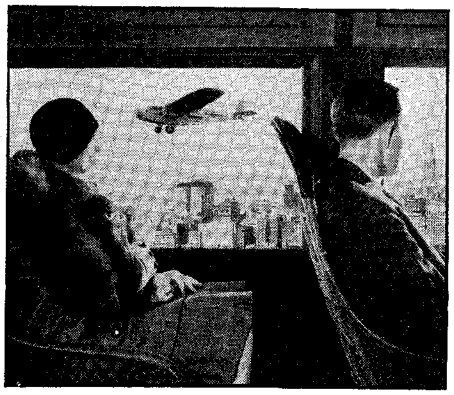

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ing around his chair three times in speechless rage. "I was indicating strength so that we might work out the best possible combination of our two hands," replies East with hurt dignity. "Play cards!" commands South exultantly.

West plays the ten of clubs from dummy and South grabs the trick with his jack. South now leads his jack of hearts, and West takes the trick in dummy with the queen. West leads the deuce of diamonds from dummy, South plays his three, and West takes the trick in his own hand, finessing his ten. West now starts an attempt to set up his spades, leading the queen, which falls under South's ace.

South tries hearts once more, leading his ten, and this time succeeds in dislodging dummy's ace. With his third trick in front of him, West starts to work on diamonds, leading the seven from dummy. South plays his queen and West takes the trick with his ace. Three more diamond leads from his own hand bring him three more tricks, and East begins to look hopeful, but the cause is lost. West's remaining cards are all spades, and his lead of the jack of that suit brings South thundering down with his king, to take the first setting trick. South also takes the next two tricks, one with his king of hearts and the other with his ace of clubs, but his last card, the queen of clubs, loses the final trick to dummy's king.

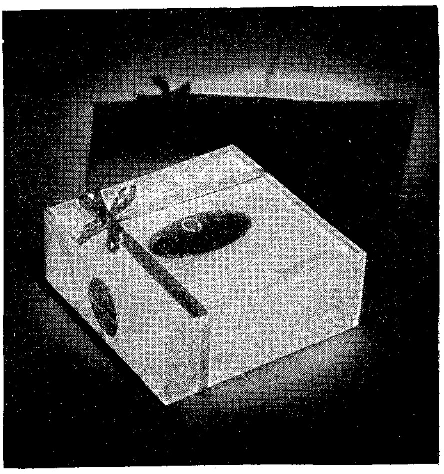
AFTER a careful study of the scoring table it is found that West is set one thousand points. East can only yelp, "Why—why—why bid five no trump?" North and South smile and decide what they will do with the money. —JOHN C. EMERY

•

Who ever heard of a poor old horse that
had to go reeling home,
Because he had taken a drink too much of
somebody's poisoned rum?
Who ever heard of a drunken cow, or
even a tipsy rat,
Or who ever heard of a nice old puss that
was not a temperance cat?
No; each of the creatures God has made,
on earth, in sea, in air
Needs nothing ever to quench its thirst
but water pure and fair;
So, when we are great big grown-up folks,
and while we are children small,
We'll have as much sense as the dogs
and cats, and we will not drink at all.

—*Poem distributed by the Pennsylvania Woman's Christian Temperance Union.*

Waiter, one more, and a short one for Rover.



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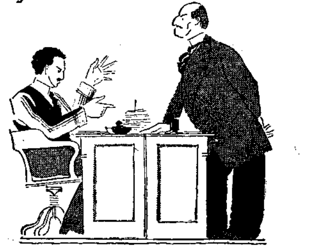
If you thought Montague Glass did something a bit uproarious in *Potash and Perlmutter,* this is something else again. Eight new stories, of Hollywood and New York, in the funniest book about the Yiddish ever written! Doubleday, Doran. $2.00

*YOU CAN'T LEARN 'EM NOTHIN'
by MONTAGUE GLASS



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FOR ART'S SAKE

THE little group of friends who suggest that you go with them to the studio of a young and gifted artist. The blithe acceptance. The crowded taxi. The enthusiast who hopes your host will show some of his pictures. The girl who says proudly that he has promised to do so. The nervousness. The feeling of incompetence. The bitter knowledge that no matter how much you admire a work of art your comments always sound as though you had grave trouble with your speech centres. The gloomy reflection that this is an occasion on which you will probably seem a little less than bright.

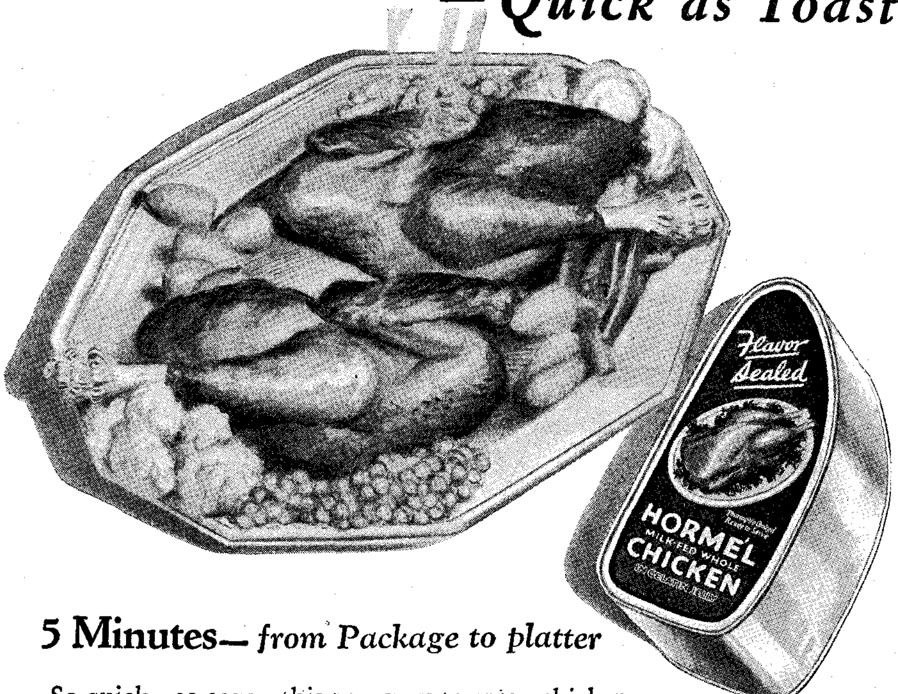
THE arrival. The debarkation. The five flights of stairs and the sounds of polite laughter. The artist who opens the door and seems pleasantly reassuring. The walls hung with pictures at which you glance with furtive anxiety. The two easy-chairs, both filled. The couch which is crowded. Your chastened mood as you sit in a handsomely carved Spanish throne built to encourage correct posture. The conversation, profuse but uninspiring. The plays, none of which has been seen by more than one person. The books everybody is meaning to read but hasn't got around to. The young man who begins hopefully to talk about Hoover. Your sudden, almost passionate interest in politics. The girl who interrupts to say in a reverent tone that she has been admiring that portrait. The bewildered astonishment of the artist, because with the present lighting the portrait is practically invisible. The polite clamor. The feminine pleading. The artist who begins to look a little harassed. Your own feeling of quiet despair.

The picture of a mountain lake. The respectful hush that threatens at any minute to become an embarrassed silence. The young man who says brightly that the water looks awfully cold. The girl who once took a pretty good course in appreciation and says that the composition is marvellous. Your own timid statement that you like it—which is perfectly true but as sound constructive criticism leaves something to be desired.

The second mountain picture. The third mountain picture. The girl who has been about a lot and thinks the artist ought to go and paint in the Caucasus. The man who is courteously surprised that the sky was really that color. Your well-meant but in-

Fried Chicken

—Quick as Toast



5 Minutes— *from Package to platter*

U. S. INSPECTED and CERTIFIED

So quick—so easy—this new way to enjoy chicken —Hormel cooked and Flavor-Sealed. For all you really do is just brown it.

No plucking. No cleaning for you to do. Just warm the can to melt the juices. Pour them off. Finish opening the can. Cut the chicken apart, or just in halves. Brown in hot fat. Then it is ready to serve.

You will find new flavors in Hormel chicken—flavors and juices which cook away in steam in ordinary open cooking. Because Hormel chicken is cooked in its own package, Flavor-Sealed.

Every Hormel chicken is selected, milk fed, plucked and cleaned to perfection. *Then* inspected and certified to be healthy, wholesome and clean by U. S. Government Inspectors. *Then* each whole or half chicken is sealed in its own package and immediately cooked. Protected from all contamination—its superb juicy flavor insured by Flavor-Sealing.

At all leading food stores. Whole Chickens or Halves—2 to 4½ lbs., net weight. Sealed and U.S. Certified. Keep on hand for instant use. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn. British Distributors, Marples, Jones & Co., Ltd., Liverpool.

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HORMEL HAM
HORMEL HAM

QUICK WAYS

To Serve Cold—Chill the package in your refrigerator. Open and serve a Whole Chicken in its jellied juices.

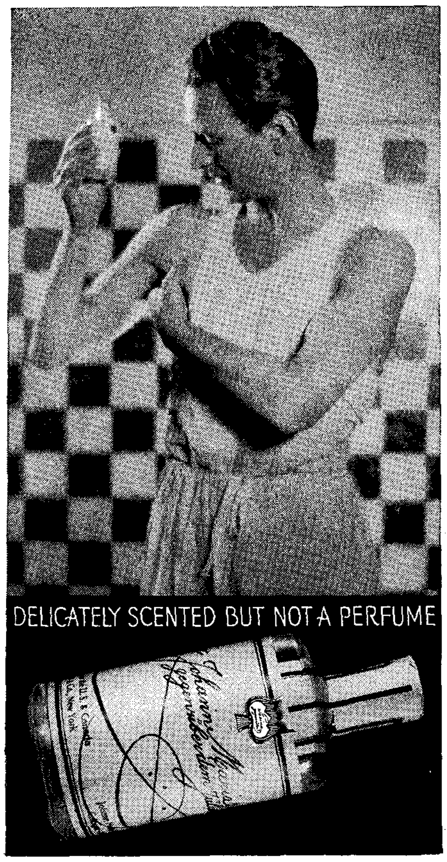
To Fry—Warm the package and pour off the juices. Cut chicken into parts as usual. Brown in hot fat, 5 minutes.

To Broil or Roast—Pour off juices. Wipe the chicken dry. Dot with butter. Place in hot oven 15 minutes. Baste often with the juices.

Jellied Juices—These are marvelous for soups and gravies. Contain the very essence of chicken.

HORMEL ★ *Flavor Sealed* **CHICKEN**
READY COOKED—MILK FED
WHOLE OR HALVES

Only two men know its SECRET



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At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

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audible statement that the coloring is lovely. The artist who says in a low, murderous tone that he is not interested in color but works only for design.

The sketches done in Spain. The sketches done in Italy. The pleasing revelation that everybody present has travelled a good deal in Europe. The six attractive water colors which pass practically unnoticed because of a discussion of the relative merits of Rome and Florence. The picture of fishing boats for which you express a sincere but rather misguided enthusiasm. The crushing discovery that the artist himself doesn't care for it. His slightly edged suggestion that the show is over. The flurried protests. The fixed and painstaking attention. The atmosphere suggestive of a well-trained Sunday-School class being shown views of the Holy Land.

THE pictures you liked which are now hopelessly confused in your mind with those you didn't care for. The general inability to think of any good adjectives. The man who glances furtively at his watch and says in an apologetic tone that he has to be at work early tomorrow. The girl who lives so far uptown it takes her hours to get there. The decorous stampede. The obvious relief of the artist. His hospitable insistence that you stay and partake of a little much-needed refreshment. The cold drinks. The hot coffee. The excellent cheese. The sandwiches. The amazing conviviality and the belated departure. The girl who says earnestly that she would like to see all those pictures again and pore over them. Your statement that you had a good time, and that the pictures were splendid—which is not very illuminating but seems to be about the best you're ever likely to do on the subject of the fine arts.

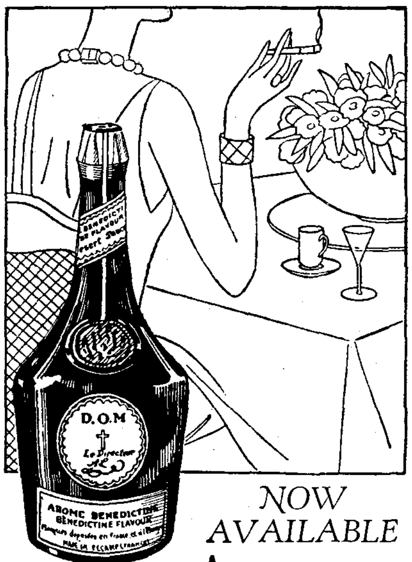
—ALICE FRANKFURTER

●

HOPE HELD OUT TO MYSELF

Maybe after a while I'll learn
To walk in the world with unconcern,
To look at the moon and be alone
Nor care if the heart in my breast is
  stone.
Or maybe after a while I'll whistle
An air as light as a windy thistle,
And laugh and sing and dance and
  forget,
But damned if I'm able to do it yet!

—FRANCES M. FROST



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RECENT BOOKS

Idol of Fistiana—Business Passion —Gigolo Ideals—For the Gourmets

PROBABLY you remember "Little Caesar," a story about gangsters so real that you had the uneasy feeling that its author, W. R. Burnett, had been associated with a gang war in a more than reportorial capacity. Mr. Burnett's new book is "Iron Man," and it is all about what Joe Humphreys would call an Idol of Fistiana. This "Iron Man" is no novel but a blow-by-blow description of the career of Coke Mason broadcast by Mr. Burnett, who writes a story as though, somehow, it were all taking place in front of his eyes. Coke Mason is a big strong goof with a heart of gold. Mr. Burnett presents him as an authentic hero and gives you the bitter comedy and the unhappy drama of a valid and honorable man thrust into a racket.

Although the story is told in the vernacular and in the short snapping style of the professional humorist, Mr. Burnett's tale is not entirely comic. You cannot quite laugh when Coke falls in with a shoddy gang who look to him like "high-brow society." It isn't really funny when his cheap little wife separates him from his decent manager and ties him up with a fellow whose chief usefulness to the fighter is getting him profitable endorsements. In the end, when Coke goes down on the canvas, bereft of all the simple faiths of his life, he becomes a genuinely tragic figure. Mr. Burnett's description of Coke's knockout is agonizingly real and your reviewer is heartily sorry she asked Mr. Dempsey to flatten Mr. Tunney one night in Chicago. Hereafter she will always be satisfied with a decision.

Aside from his really fine pictures of a fighter, Mr. Burnett's book has other merits. The minor characters, down to the lowliest palookas, have the stamp of reality. Writing almost entirely in words of one syllable and in short, telegraphic sentences, Mr. Burnett can cram the whole feeling of a prizefight crowd into one short paragraph. As for dialogue, only Mr. Lardner can match Mr. Burnett in revealing a story in short bursts of words. In fact, sometimes I think that Mr. Burnett can get more out of a "Yeah?" than Mr. Lardner.

JUST arrived from France, with an introduction by Romain Rolland, is Jean-Richard Bloch's novel, "—— & Co." It floated along on much high praise, in which the name of Balzac figured prominently, among other French literary giants. In this instance, these jacket decorations may be taken with seriousness because the French are shier literary endorsers than that great brotherhood of English writers who endorse each other's books with the unanimity and gusto of a cheering section.

Mr. Bloch's novel was begun in 1911 and put aside temporarily, like so many other peaceful labors, in 1914. In 1917 it was first published in France, surely not an auspicious year—and in 1925 the author revised his work and prepared a new edition. All these facts are of some importance, because only a work of great sincerity and real creative impulse could have survived in the mind of its author through so many delays and during such disturbing times.

Briefly, "—— & Co." is a study in industrialism, personified in a family of Alsatian Jews who move their business to France—they are weavers—as a protest against the Prussian annexation of 1871. In point of date, the story is not modern; it is a study of the very beginning of modernism. These Simlers are smitten by a passion for business, by a love for the machines which they possess and which possess them. Mr. Bloch's hard, bold pictures of factories and industrial towns have a weird and compelling beauty. To me, the story of the progress and defeats of the Business is more engrossing than the human entanglements of the story and the inevitable situations of racial conflict. In their individual background, the Simlers have a certain harsh grandeur; in their more personal emotions they are a little tiresome.

Mr. Bloch writes as one who has closed his eyes and ears to all literature since Balzac. His model, too, is more

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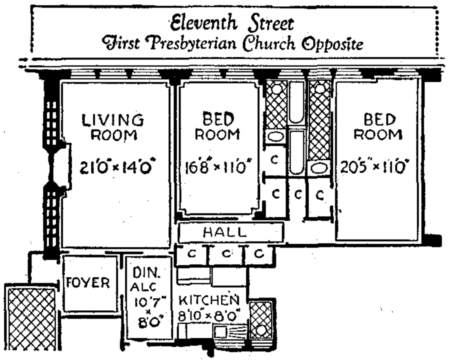

ANY one of the few remaining apartments in this new building may be purchased and maintained just as economically as the charming home pictured above.

The saving through ownership here, compared with renting elsewhere, is obvious—and since the building is completed and 90% occupied, the available apartments may now be inspected to advantage.

There are also 5 and 7 room apartments and two Fifth Avenue duplex maisonettes, all worth coming to see.

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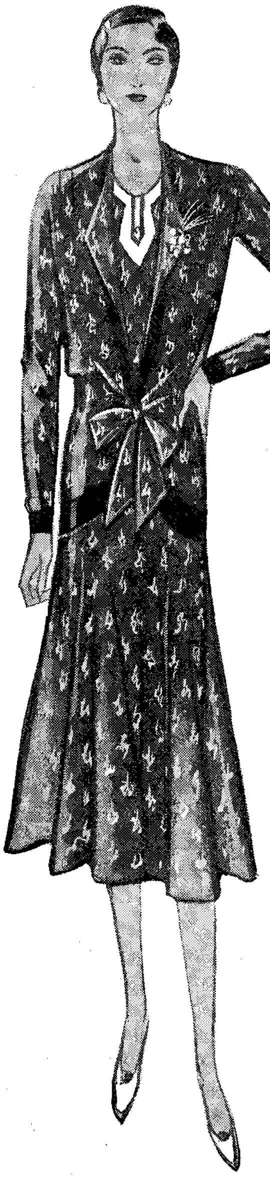

Let the print have a sense of Spring about it...let it be gay and charming...to add cheer to a dull winter wardrobe. We might suggest many flattering models from our unusual collections... every one created with that subtle finesse and exquisite taste that make Dobbs fashions individually important. The enchanting model shown is typical.

It is a complete costume consisting of a one-piece dress and jacket in a lily-of-the-valley print. The jacket is snug over the hips and the skirt of the dress flares smartly. In a host of glorious color combinations. Sizes 12 to 20. Modestly priced at

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FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

"César Birotteau" than "Cousine Bette." Here is detailed realism, presented with dry irony, in a style powerful, austere, and uningratiating. The translation by C. K. Scott Moncrieff catches all the beauties of Mr. Bloch's unusual writing.

GILBERT FRANKAU'S "Dance, Little Gentlemen" seems to me merely deucedly unpleasant. It purports to be a burlesque autobiography of a gigolo (why did Anita Loos start it all?), and it is long, heavy, and lacking in the lightness that would have been its only salvation. The book has only one point of technical merit: Mr. Frankau makes his gigolo prate incessantly about his ideals, his devotion to work, and his purpose in life. All this is good and legitimate gibing at smug success stories. Otherwise the book has little wit and less ingenuity. Will Mr. Frankau please go and stand in the corner?

JUST another short snarl at Norah C. James, who in "To the Valiant" has not written another "Sleeveless Errand." You can take that either as praise or blame. "To the Valiant" is a very mild little book about a man's devotion to his blind brother. Naturally, both brothers fall in love with the same girl and—well, you can write your own complications. Miss James' story is sketchy and undeveloped but at least her writing has the virtue of being unpretentious and without affectation.

DEVISED in the dear old almanac design, "The Gourmets' Almanac," by Allan Ross Macdougall, is a hymn to good eating. One doesn't look to a book of this sort for practical recipes, but Mr. Macdougall has actually managed to include many dishes that are quite possible for the more experienced amateur cooks. Most of the dishes were suggested by his friends and are of French origin. Mr. Macdougall himself belongs to the school of cookery that beats the whites and yolks of an omelette together. It is a matter of principle with him. The old and curious recipes, discovered in rare old books, are presented as humorous reading, by way of relaxation from the stern practicalities of Fannie Farmer. Best of all in the "Almanac" you will find some lovely short pieces about food ranging all the way from Lewis Carroll's noble poem in praise of soup to an amusing bit by Jean Cocteau called "Dinner at Grand-mother's." Those who collect cookbooks—and this is the most pleasant and profitable literary hobby—will find Mr. Macdougall's book one of the most attractive of the recent volumes. —A. W. S.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Iron Man, by W. R. Burnett (*Dial Press*). Blow-by-blow story of the career of a prizefighter. Very exciting.

"—— & Co.," by Jean-Richard Bloch, translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff (*Simon & Schuster*). A drama of men and machines, written in the finest tradition of the French novel.

All Our Yesterdays, by H. M. Tomlinson (*Harper*). The story of the birth of the war, splendidly told by a fine journalistic mind. Some magnificent writing.

Mothers Cry, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Harper*). The tragedy of a New York mother—and something to break your heart.

Joining Charles, by Elizabeth Bowen (*Dial Press*). Short stories of distinction and originality.

Shadows of Men, by Jim Tully (*Doubleday, Doran*). Tales of the men who fill prisons, told effectively and with shrewd sympathy.

Young Man of Manhattan, by Katharine Brush (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Gay and expert light fiction.

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff (*Coward-McCann*). The adventures of the crown of aristocracy from Renaissance Florence to modern Chicago. A first-rate novel.

A Gallery of Women, by Theodore Dreiser (*Liveright*). Profound analysis of the modern feminine soul.

Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton (*Appleton*). The problem of a young American genius surveyed by one of our best social critics.

Laughing Boy, by Oliver La Farge (*Houghton Mifflin*). A really beautiful idyll of Navajo life.

The Maurizius Case, by Jacob Wassermann (*Liveright*). A powerful social drama, brilliantly presented.

The Embezzlers, by Valentine Kataev (*Dial Press*). Russian literature returns to civilization with a gorgeous farce.

Look Homeward, Angel, by Thomas Wolfe (*Scribner*). Vigorously written tragedy of youth in the New South.

Ultima Thule, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A novel of real importance.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

Harriet Hume, by Rebecca West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Richly beautiful writing.

Fugitive's Return, by Susan Glaspell (*Stokes*). Worth a half-dozen smug, contented novels.

Mysteries

The Mystery of the Open Window, by Anthony Gilbert (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . The Killing of Judge MacFarlane, by Mary Plum (*Harper*). . . . The Bainbridge Murder, by Cortland Fitzsimmons (*McBride*). . . . The W Plan, by Graham Seton (*Cosmopolitan*). . . . Murder Yet to Come, by Isabel Briggs Myers (*Stokes*). . . . Still Waters, by Frederic F. Van de Water (*Crime Club*). . . . The Eye in the Museum, by J. J. Connington (*Little, Brown*). . . . The Poisoned Chocolates Case, by Anthony Berkeley (*Crime Club*). . . . The Black, by Edgar Wallace (*Crime Club*). . . . The Clue of the Second Murder, by John Stephen Strange (*Doubleday, Doran*).

General

Good-Bye to All That, by Robert Graves (*Cape & Smith*). A poet writes his autobiography. Its candor, succinct writing, and sharp thinking make it one of the best of the current books.

Prosperity: Fact or Myth, by Stuart Chase (*Charles Boni Paper Books*). The truth about our—ahem—financial embarrassments. Readably told.

The Gourmets' Almanac, by Allan Ross Macdougall (*Covici-Friede*). In praise of fine eating—and what nobler theme?

Pearl Diver, by Victor Berge and Henry Wysham Lanier (*Doubleday, Doran*). How pearls get from oysters to necklaces. Good adventure book.

For the Defence: The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, by Edward Marjoribanks, M.P. (*Macmillan*). Courtroom dramas of famous criminals in a book that is incidentally the biography of the "Apollo of Old Bailey."

Ambrose Bierce, by Carey McWilliams (*A. & C. Boni*). Sane and sympathetic writing about a man who became a myth.

Abraham Lincoln, by Raymond Holden (*Minton, Balch*). The character growth of Lincoln from politician to genius. Good critical analysis.

The Private Life of Lady Hamilton, by Albert Flament, translated by Louis Arthur Cunningham (*Carrier*). A Frenchman falls in love with Emma and paints an enthusiastic portrait.

Tolstoy, the Inconstant Genius, by Alexander I. Nazaroff (*Stokes*). The story of a magnificently mad man.

Twelve Against the Gods, by William Bolitho (*Simon & Schuster*). The lives of a dozen renowned adventurers, including not only Lola Montez and Casanova but Alexander the Great as well—and even Woodrow Wilson.

Is Sex Necessary?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

An Autobiography of America, edited by Mark Van Doren (*A. & C. Boni*). John Smith, P. T. Barnum, Black Ulysses, and seventy-seven others tell the story of America.

King Spider, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (*Coward-McCann & Edwin V. Mitchell*). Lively pageant of fifteenth-century France.

Francis Rabelais, by Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson (*Harper*). Scholarly, critical portrait of a great humanist.

Hanna, by Thomas Beer (*Knopf*). Not a cartoon, but a portrait. The man as a human being.

Marriage and Morals, by Bertrand Russell (*Liveright*). One of the finest minds of our time examines the problem.

The Incredible Marquis, by Herbert S. Gorman (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The gay and romantic life of Alexandre Dumas.

Peter Arno's Parade (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Caption in the Times*]

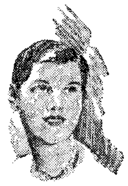
Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, Tenor, to Sing the Title Rôle in a Radio Presentation of Aida on Thursday at 10 P.M., over WEAF.

YOUR YEARS of YOUTH

at 17

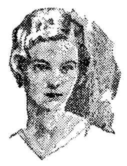
MY DISCOVERY that there are four ages of a woman's beauty and that her skin requires different treatment for each, has made it far simpler and easier for any woman to look lovelier. In your 'Teens, gentle cleansing is all your skin really needs. Use my Cleansing Cream.

at 20



IN YOUR TWENTIES, the Second Age of Beauty, your skin needs one added protection to meet the strain of widened activities and the use of make-up. For this I designed my Finishing Cream—a perfect base for powder.

at 30



IN THE THIRD AGE of Beauty time begins to weaken the little cells beneath your skin. My third cream, the Tissue Cream, is rich in nourishing oils which strengthen these cells and tissues and help preserve youthful contours.

at 40

AT FORTY and beyond you can still have a beautiful complexion. Simply add my Astringent Cream to help prevent sagging tissues and hold the youthful vigor of your skin.

All Barbara Gould Creams $1.00 each

If you will just fill out the coupon I will gladly mail you a presentation set of my creams.

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Please send me your booklet "Any Woman Can Look Lovelier," and a presentation set of your creams.

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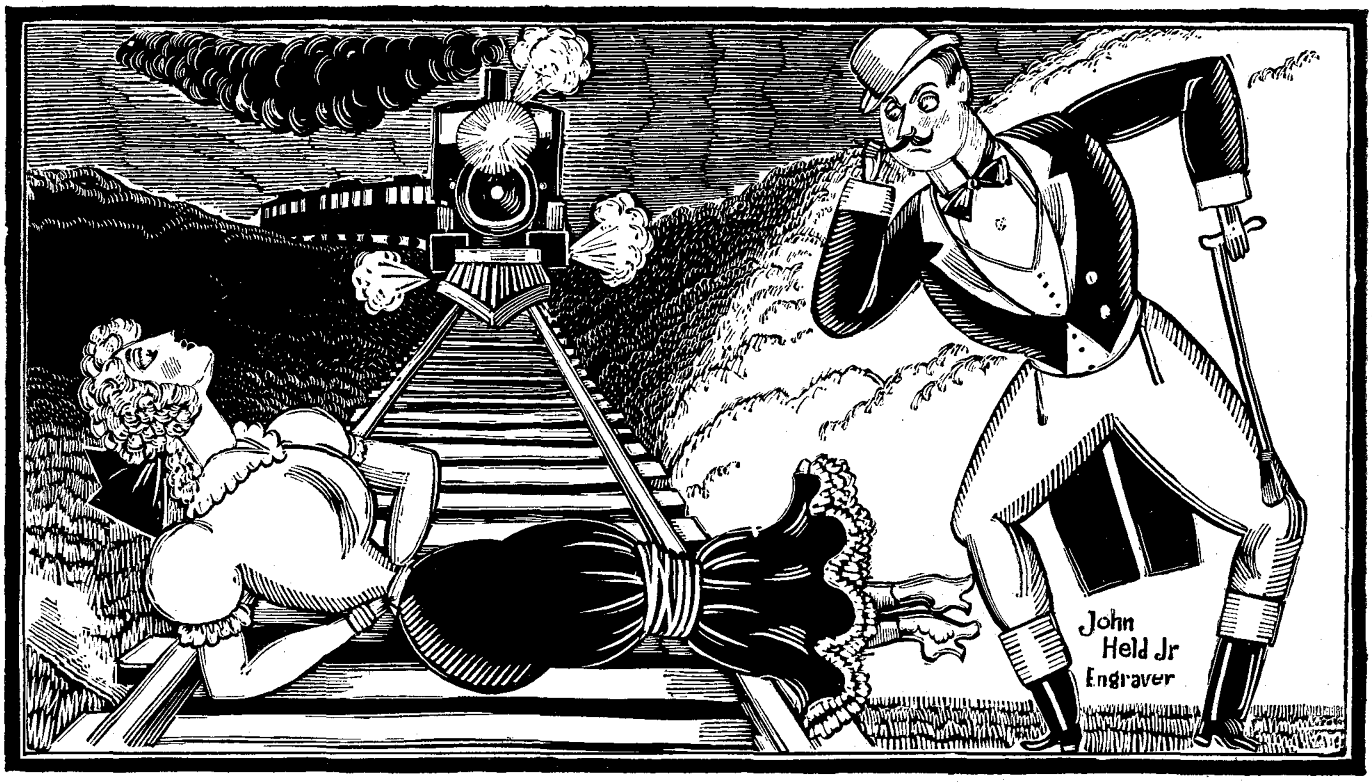

John
Held Jr
Engraver

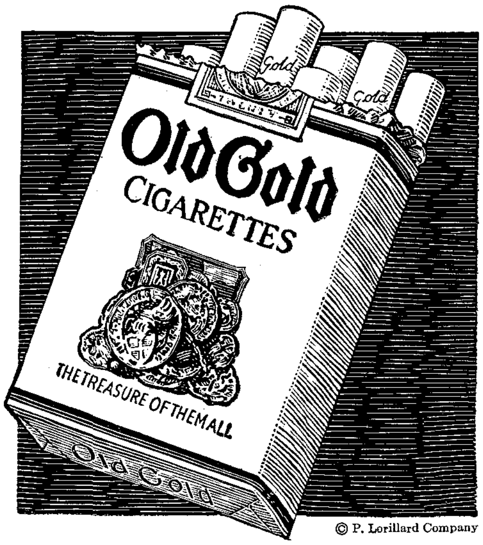
"TOOT! TOOT! IT'S THE EXPRESS. WILL YOU YIELD OR BE GROUND BENEATH THE WHEELS?" ROARED INGLESBY

"Never!" cried Our Nell, bound to the rails, her eyes blazing with defiance. "Death is preferable to a life with such as you."

"How do you make that out?" he purred.

"A rasping voice such as yours would make life a living hell," she answered him. "Unbind me, change to OLD GOLDS and maybe I'll listen to reason."

FASTEST GROWING CIGARETTE IN HISTORY...NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD


Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Gold
Gold
Old Gold

© P. Lorillard Company

The Winged Victory
of Samothrace

TIME is a stern judge, but a generous one to a work of merit. Thus when first the Goodyear Double Eagle Tire was offered as something almost uncommercially fine, its acceptance was expected to be limited indeed. But Time has changed that. As its relentless scrutiny has revealed in full this tire's true greatness, the sale of Double Eagles has steadily and tremendously grown That is why now, although the tire is fine as ever, it can be priced not nearly so high. And why perhaps all that need be said of it, is what was said originally, "It is a better tire than the average motorist needs."

The Double Eagle *by*

GOODYEAR

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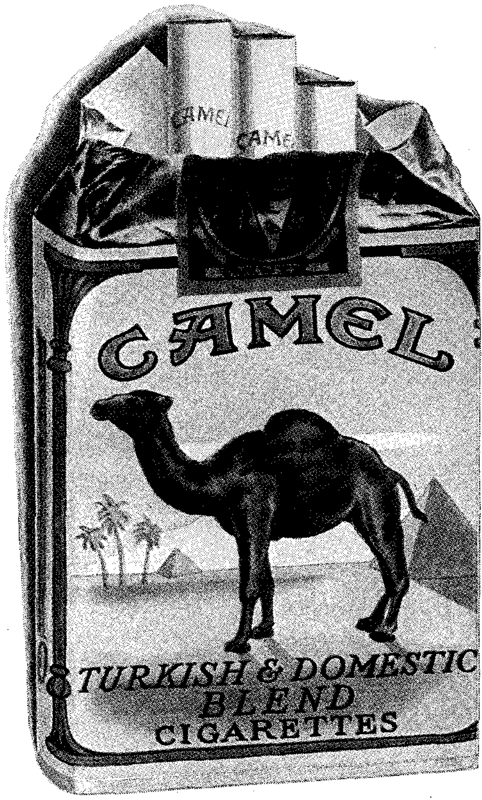
The Goodyear
Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Heights of Pleasure

Glittering mountains under a sky of frosty blue . . . the tingle from a brisk climb . . . and the perfect relaxation of a comforting, fragrant cigarette. The outstanding characteristic of Camels is their ability to heighten the pleasure of any occasion . . . they are so wholly, so delightfully refreshing.


CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CIGARETTES

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